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# CHAIN MAIL

Dear Editor:

I am an avid fan and subscriber to the "H. Metal," and yet I've been close to writing this criticism of some of the story line since my first issue. What has motivated me *this* morning is your response to a certain D. D'Falafice's letter regarding the sexist material in your magazine. Please reconsider her point, because I think you might find some non-threatening truth to it. If you are unfamiliar with sexism, then perhaps just weigh the demeaning roles and who is in them, and whether or not there is any pattern to story lines. The woman portrayed as the weakling and/or sex toy *period* does get a little tiring. . . .

Lynn Reynolds
City, California

*Girls, girls, girls — what are we going to do with you? I mean, enough is enough. I'm as much for equal rights as the next woman, but it seems to me, when you start reading feminist politics into comics, well, it really becomes a drag.*

*Lord knows there are an awful lot of breasts bouncing around the pages of* HM, *so in contrast we offer "Dru" (see p. 9). Often the male artists tend to get a bit sexist, but we run a variety of strips, and frequently the woman does come out "the good guy/gal person . . ."*

*I can offer no really explanation of why so often "the woman is portrayed as the weakling," and though I'm not condoning it, it's been going on for a hell of a lot longer than* Heavy Metal *can take the blame for.*

*So let's calm down — after all, it's a comic book. — Julie Simmons, Associate Editor*

Dear Editors:

Having purchased the last three issues of your magazine, I am interested but still not very impressed. Graphics in your publication tend to be very good to excellent. But I fail to see why it is continually necessary to fortify lagging or diarrhetic literary content with the repeated blowing off of heads (more or less graphically illustrated), or blimp-breasted women flaunting their wares or involving themselves in expressions of public male fantasy. Surely the writers must be capable of something a little more interesting, cer-

*Continued on page 68*


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Heavy Metal Vol. I, No. 11 February 1978

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# ...CONSEQUENTLY...

Not so long, long ago, & right here in this galaxy, there wasn't much. No Mighty Marvel, no Underground Comics, no fun: fun was dead or sleeping under a blanket of Hayes Office movie code, & McCarthy thinking code, & Dr. Wertham comics code . . . & then there was Barbarella! Right there in the pages of the terribly controversial, terribly *avant-garde Evergreen Review*, a sex-space-fantasy COMIC! Fun was alive and well and living in France! In 1962!

And then there was Zap, & Spidey, & Pop Art, & a movie about Superman, & *Heavy Metal* . . .

But it all began with Barbarella, the comic, & was sustained by *Barbarella*, the movie, & goes on forever (we hope) with the all-new adventures of Barbarella which we begin here, written and drawn by her original creator, Jean-Claude Forest, to whom all praise.

Front & back cover & inside double spread this time by Alex Nino, whom we are assured is "leading figure on the new Philippines illustration scene." Previously famed for you shld pardon the expression psychedelic posters of sword & sorcery class, Nino is in process of illustrating Sturgeon's classic *More Than Human* stories which we, in time, will publish here.

*HM* dream-queen Alice Playten aka Alice White sez: "The moral of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* is, if everybody on earth were to hum 'Duelling Banjos' at the same time, the Pillsbury doughboy would come down from the sky aboard the Houston Astrodome." Nice talk.

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**SUBSCRIPTIONS:** Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $15.00 paid annual subscription. $26.00 paid two-year subscription, and $20.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and foreign. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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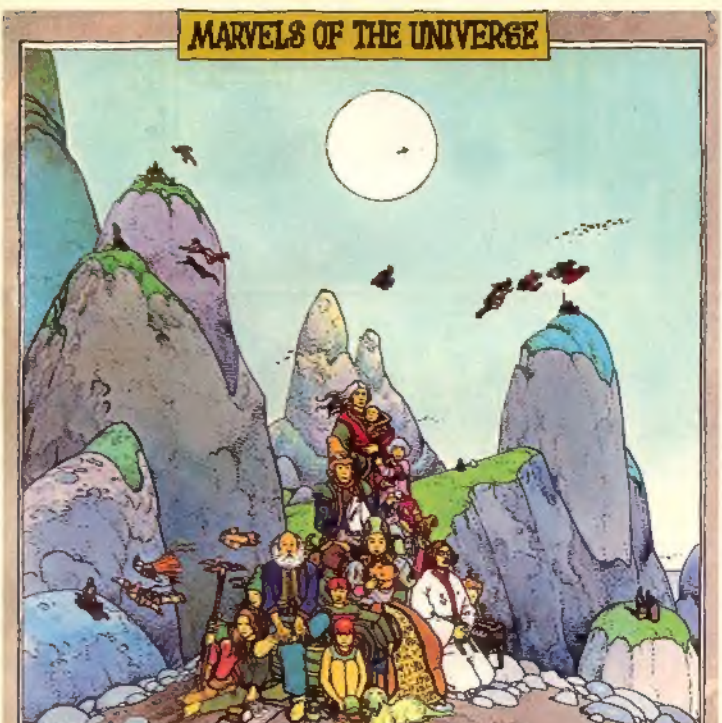
**EDITORIAL INFORMATION:** Contact Submissions Editor, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.




A TYPICAL "FAMILY" OF SWIMMERS
THIS ANTIQUE PICTURE SHOWS AN ORDINARY FAMILY OF AIR-SWIMMERS... NOTICE ON THE BOTTOM, THE TOP, AND FROM LEFT TO RIGHT THE FLIER, THE RIDER, THE SPEEDER, THE TWO FRIFONS, THE MAIEN AND THE TOOPONDOO, SO CONTROVERSIAL IN OUR DAY... IN THE BACKGROUND, OTHER FAMILIES GRACEFULLY EXERCISE AGAINST THE BROKEN SKYLINE OF THE VERLUSIAN MOUNTAINS.

THE TIME HAS COME...
SURELY THEY WOULDN'T BOMB THIS BEAUTIFUL STEAM ENGINE TRAIN JUST TO GET US!...UNLESS, OF COURSE, THEY'RE CAPABLE OF ANYTHING...
THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE OF JEREMY ANTLER
MOEBIUS
OUR STORY TO DATE: THE ATTRACTIVE STEAM ENGINE TRAIN WHICH IS CARRYING SAM, THE MAJORS SPY, HAS JUST COME UNDER ATTACK FROM A MYSTERIOUS AIRPLANE.
TICKETS, PLEASE!
YEAH...
WELL!... I SEEM TO HAVE LOST MY TICKET!...

MEANWHILE, THE ENGINEER BARNABUS HAS LOST HIS WAY IN THE MAZE OF THE SINGING CAVES.
?
ODDO
SCROUIIZZ
SOMEONE'S COMING... QUICK!... GOT TO HIDE!...
SO!!!
TO BE CONTINUED...

# Dean

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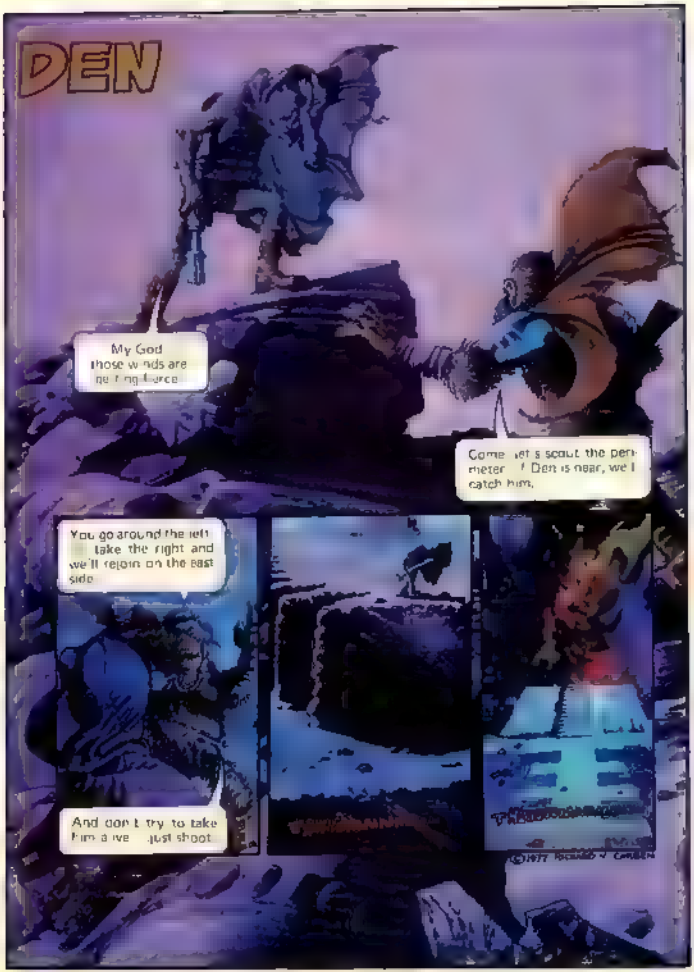
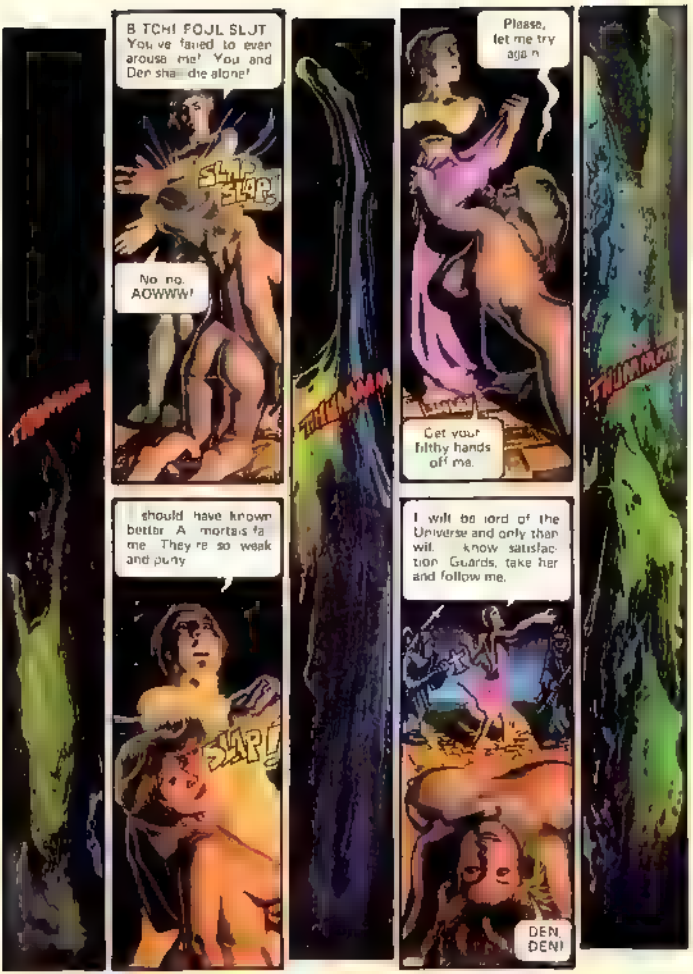
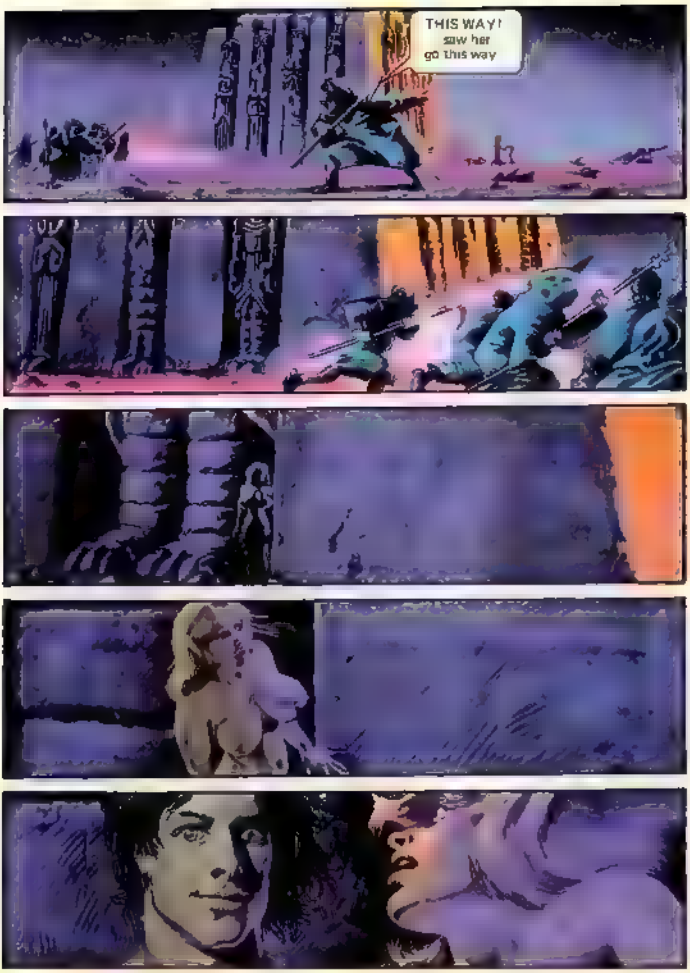

DEN
My God those winds are ne f ng fierce
Come et s scout the per meter ' Den is near, we l catch him.
You go around the left take the right and we'll rejoin on the east side
And don t try to take him a ive just shoot
©1977 RICHARD V. CORBEN

UNGH!
Heh, heh
THUMP!!
Quickly if you value your life, where is Kath held?

STOP
Move away
from him, Den
And will be most appre-
ciative of the trophy I
BLAM!
FLOMP
I knew we would meet if I
came after you myself.
Come closer a kiss be-
fore you die


B TCH! FOUL SLUT You've failed to even arouse me! You and Den sha—die alone!
SLAP SLAP!
No no. AOWWW!
THUNNNN
THUNNNN
Please, let me try aga n
Get your filthy hands off me.
THUNNNN
I will be lord of the Universe and only then will know satisfaction. Guards, take her and follow me.
DEN DEN!
should have known better. A mortal's fa me. They're so weak and puny.
ZAP!

Fools! After her
CRASH!
Get her! Get her or you will all die
Hah! We've got her cornered now
WHUMCH!


THIS WAY!
saw her
go this way

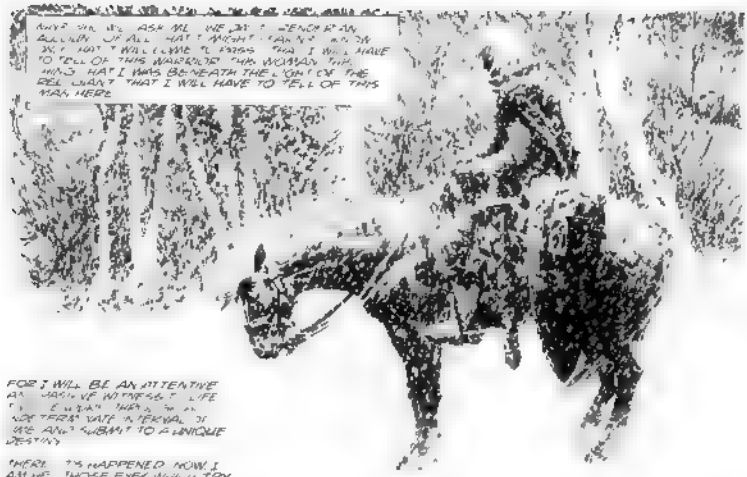
By the powers of his magic scepter, I send to the core of a Space and Time, a cal.
Come forth mighty Uluhtc One who would be your master beckons you
You will grant me all your strength and be my slave for a living mortal sacrifice. You are bound to do so. It has been or
Come forth Uluhtc
I DEMAND IT
ULUHTC
ULUHTC
ULUHTC!

Come Ulukite
Your mortal sacrifice awaits you.
THUMMM
THUMMM
ROAR!

# THE WINTER OF THE LAST COMBAT

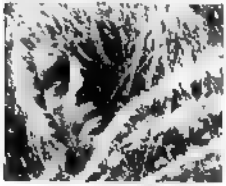
## BY MORA AND GARCIA

WHAT HAS BECOME OF YOU, WHO WENT DO YOU BE MEMBER? WHEN I DEFENDED YOUR WALLS, WHEN THEY WERE NOT YET WORN AWAY BY THE SANDS OF TIME
AND YOU? AND YOU? WHAT WAS BECOME OF YOU, MAL OLD WOMAN, ALL ING B' STOP YOUR C ILL IN THE WORLD SWEPT AWAY BY THE DEAD
I WAS THAT WARRIOR. I ASK THAT WOMAN, ONE I AM. ALSO, THIS IS WHAT IS THAT FAR OFF PLANET THAT ROLL RUN IS CALLED BETELGEUSE
WHO AM I? WHAT AM I? I CAN'T KNOW THAT I AM AND THAT I WONDER. LEASE LESS, AND THAT I MUST LEARN ABOUT EVERY THING THAT LIVES IN THE UNIVERSE


NOW SHE ASKS ME WHO I AM. I KNOW MAN
ALREADY OF ALL THAT I MIGHT LEARN
BUT NOT TWILIGHT TO PASS THAT I WILL HAVE
TO TELL OF THIS WARRIOR THE WOMAN THAT
WAS BENEATH THE LIGHT OF THE
FULL MOON THAT I WILL HAVE TO TELL OF THIS
MAN HERE

FOR I WILL BE AN ATTENTIVE
AND ASSIVE WITNESS TO LIFE
[illegible] THERE IS AN
INFINITE VARIATION IN
THESE AND I SUBMIT TO A UNIQUE
DESTINY

THERE IS HAPPENED NOW I
AM ONE WHOSE EYES WHICH TRY
TO SEE THEMSELVES HE CALLS
AS IF ARE ALREADY IN OWN
EYES

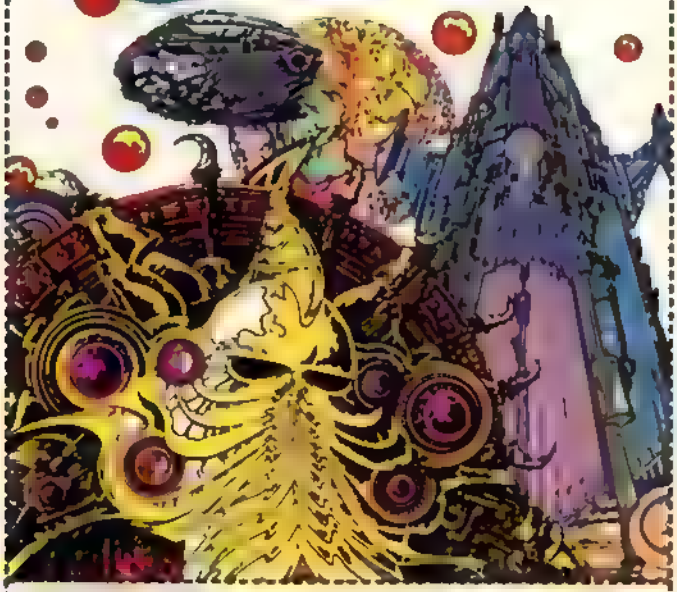


THOSE EYES WHICH WE NAME
THE EYES [illegible] HAVE FOUND
IN THEM SOME IF WANDERING AND ER
[illegible]
[illegible]
HOME

WHEN I WAS A CHILD MY FATHER WHO WAS LORD OF THE MANOR WOULD TAKE ME THERE
SO THE WAY ARE AND THEY ARE NOW I AM ENTERING THE HAMLET WITH

AND I JUST CONSIDER THE
FAITH IN A GOD WHO WOULD ALLOW
SUCH THINGS! NOW THAT I HAVE
BARRED DOORS. BARRED WINDOWS.
AND THOSE INSCRIPTIONS
PITY GOD
LORD HA
PITY
AND THAT WOOSH THERE

# LONE SLOANE/ DELIRIUS



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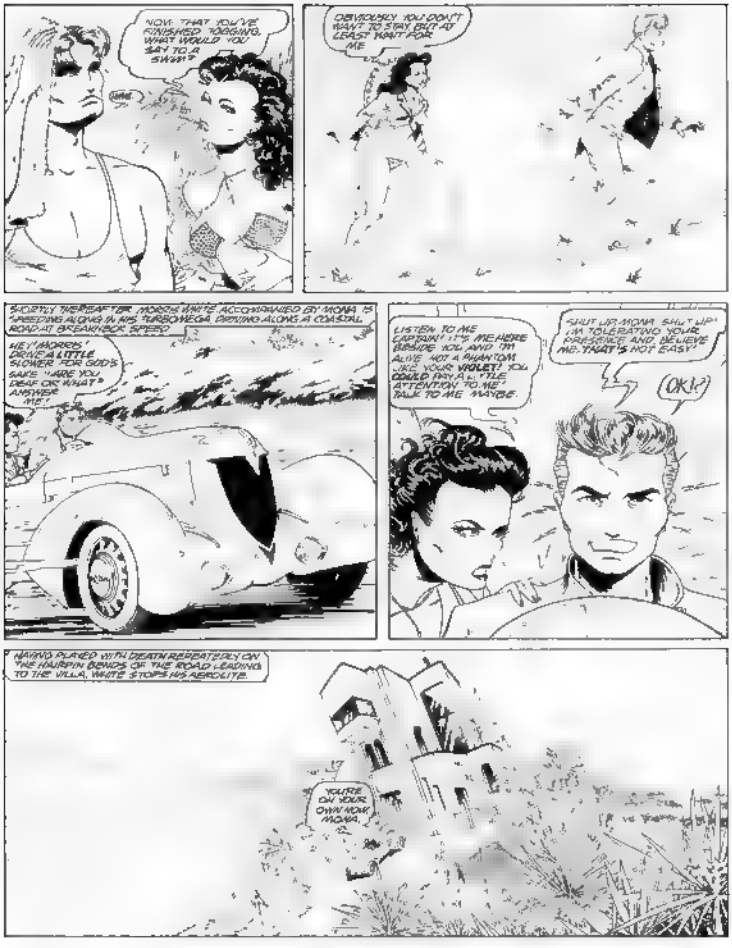
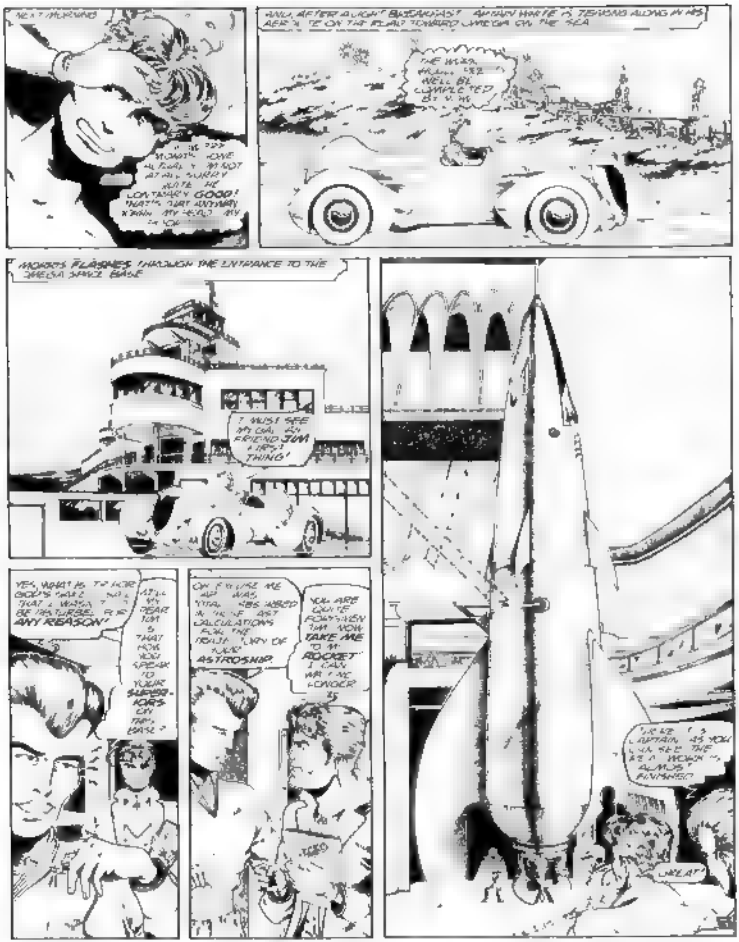
MORRIS WHITE
in
A HEART-THROBBING TALE IN PICTURES, THE SEQUEL TO OPERATION OMEGA (SEE NUM #6)
DIABOLICAL PLANET


NOW THAT YOU'VE FINISHED TOASTING, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO A SWIM?
GASP
OBVIOUSLY YOU DON'T WANT TO STAY BUT AT LEAST WAIT FOR ME
SHORTLY THEREAFTER, MORENA WHITE ACCOMPANIED BY MONA IS SPEEDING ALONG IN HIS TURBOMEGA, DRIVING ALONG A COASTAL ROAD AT BREAKNECK SPEED
HEY MORRIS! DROP A LITTLE SLOWER FOR GOD'S SAKE. ARE YOU DEAF OR WHAT? ANSWER ME!
LISTEN TO ME CAPTAIN! IT'S ME HERE BESIDE YOU, AND I'M ALIVE, NOT A PHANTOM LIKE YOUR VIOLET! YOU COULD PAY A LITTLE ATTENTION TO ME! TALK TO ME MAYBE
SHUT UP MONA SHUT UP! I'M TOLERATING YOUR PRESENCE AND BELIEVE ME, THAT'S NOT EASY!
(OK!)
HAVING PLAYED WITH DEATH REPEATEDLY ON THE HAIRPIN BENDS OF THE ROAD LEADING TO THE VILLA, WHITE STOPS HIS ARSOUITE.
YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN NOW, MONA.

WHAT'S AREN'T YOU GOING TO DRIVE ME BACK TO OMEGA ON THE SUB?
NO, YOU CAN GET A TAXI BACK
WHEW! I GOT RID OF HOWARD, AND NOW ON TO SERIOUS MATTERS
HOWARD WALKS TOWARD THE LAB WITH A DETERMINED AIR
WHERE HE PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON HIS ASTROSHIP
THE MOUNTING OF THIS COMPRESSOR WILL REINFORCE THE POWER AND THE DURABILITY OF MY ATOMIC REACTOR!
AND THANKS TO THE NECKLACE OF ARACHNID PEARLS WHICH HE HAD GIVEN TO HIS SWEET DARLEE, MORRIS KNOWS SHE IS SOMEWHERE ON
"I'LL TAKE THE FAULT OF THAT EVIL DOG VON RICKETTS"
THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET AND HIS OWN DESIRE TO FLY THERE
BY ALL THE PLANETS! MIDNIGHT ALREADY! I'VE DONE ENOUGH TODAY! I'M OFF TO BED.
WOW! SURELY HE'S NOT GOING TO WORK ALL NIGHT!!
AH, MIGHT? YES! THAT'S WHAT HE'S NOW!


NEXT MORNING
AND AFTER A LIGHT BREAKFAST ARTHUR HARTE IS SEEN ALONG IN HIS JEEP ON THE ROAD TOWARD OMEGA ON THE SEA
MORRIS FLASHES THROUGH THE ENTRANCE TO THE OMEGA SPACE BASE
I MUST SEE MY GAL ED FRIEND JIM RIPLEY THING!
YES, WHAT IS IT YOU WISH? I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT!
I'LL SEE MY DEAR BOY! IS THAT HOW YOU SPEAK TO YOUR SUPERIORS ON THIS BASE?
OH, I'M SORRY, MR. HARTE, BUT THIS JOB NEEDS ALL MY CALCULATIONS FOR THE TRIP! I'M OF ASTRONOMY!
YOU ARE QUITE FORGIVEN JIM NOW TAKE ME TO MY ROCKET I CAN HARDLY CONTAIN MYSELF!
I'M HERE, I'M CAPTAIN, AS YOU CAN SEE THAT IS I MEAN I'M ALMOST FINISHED
OH, AT LAST!

TERRIFIC JOB !
A LITTLE LATER
PROBLEMS
VERY PRECISE !
FINISHED
ULTRA SECRET

BASE
CAN YOU WORK THE CLEARANCE AFFAIR?
SURE
IDIOT
WILL I LEAVE THE EARTH WHEN I FLY TO THE MOON? FOR THE WOMAN I LOVE
ROCKET
TAKE OFF
MOKA
KANT'S SICK AT HEART
TO BE CONTINUED

What's weird, hair, warp, antique, & ink are. A magazine that's totally new in concept, a magazine that's barely existed, a magazine that has an impact on its readers. Heavy Metal is the illustrated fantasy magazine. One

Published by Twenty-First Century Communications, the realm of National Lampoon, it began in March of [illegible] with a limited distribution. Within months, its sales had tripled.

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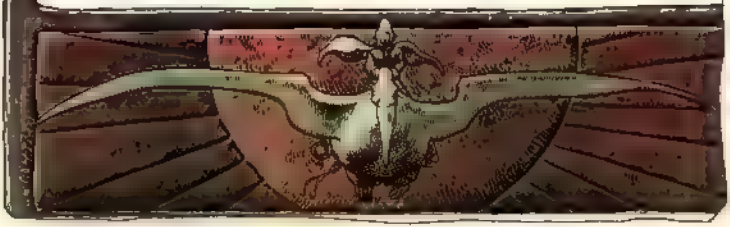
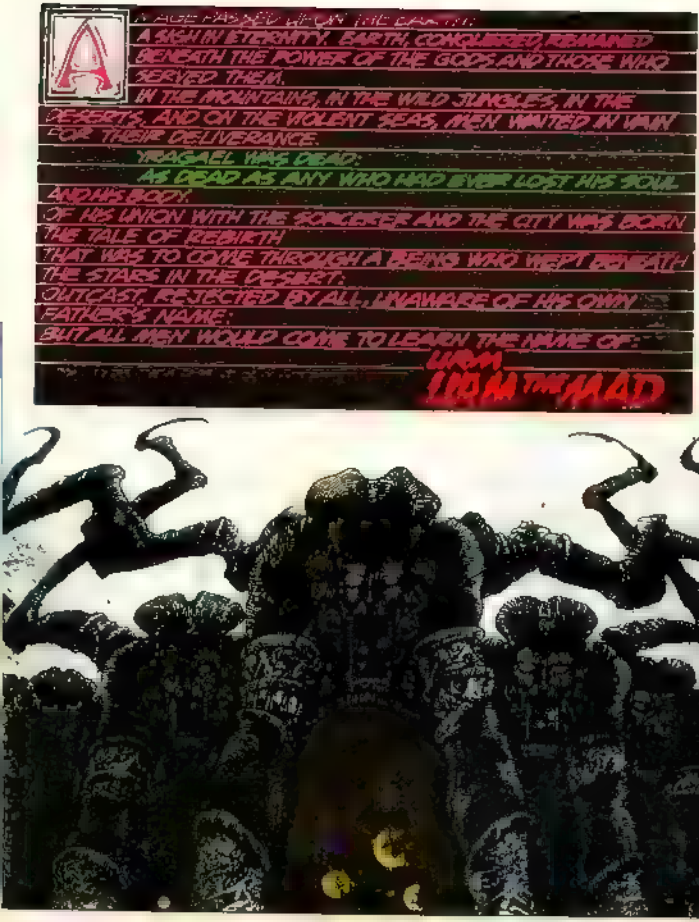
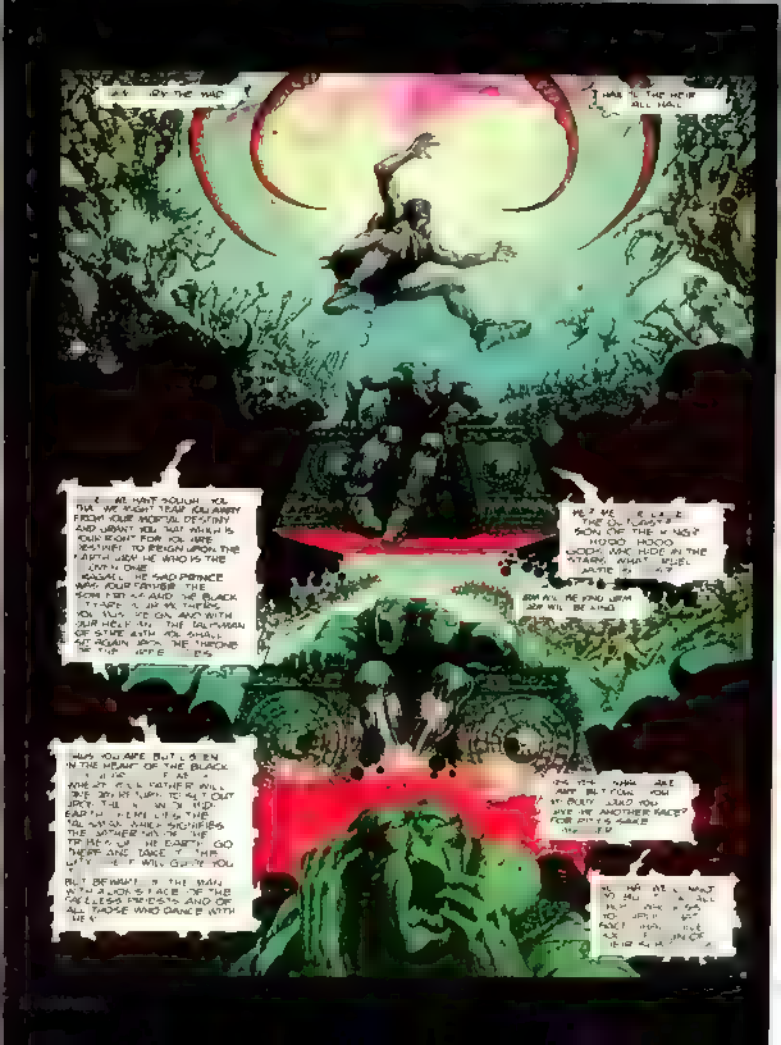



A AGE PASSED UPON THE EARTH.
A SIGH IN ETERNITY. EARTH, CONQUERED, REMAINED
BENEATH THE POWER OF THE GODS AND THOSE WHO
SERVED THEM.
IN THE MOUNTAINS, IN THE WILD JUNGLES, IN THE
DESERTS, AND ON THE VIOLENT SEAS, MEN WAITED IN VAIN
FOR THEIR DELIVERANCE.
YRAGAEL WAS DEAD:
AS DEAD AS ANY WHO HAD EVER LOST HIS SOUL
AND HIS BODY.
OF HIS UNION WITH THE SORCERESS AND THE CITY WAS BORN
THE TALE OF REBIRTH
THAT WAS TO COME THROUGH A BEING WHO WEPT BENEATH
THE STARS IN THE DESERT.
OUTCAST, REJECTED BY ALL, UNAWARE OF HIS OWN
FATHER'S NAME:
BUT ALL MEN WOULD COME TO LEARN THE NAME OF:
URAM
LORD OF THE MAD

AHAHAH!

WOE TO THOSE WHO HAVE CAUSED ME WOE / MISERY TO HIM WHO HAS FORGED MY FACE
HOOO'HOOOO'HOOOO. WOE IS ME
WOE TO THE GODS / HATRED AND LOATHING HOOO'HOOOO / VENGEANCE
YOU MAKING ALL THAT NOISE?
I NOT ABUSE MY EARTHLY FORM
FOR I AM CYTHER

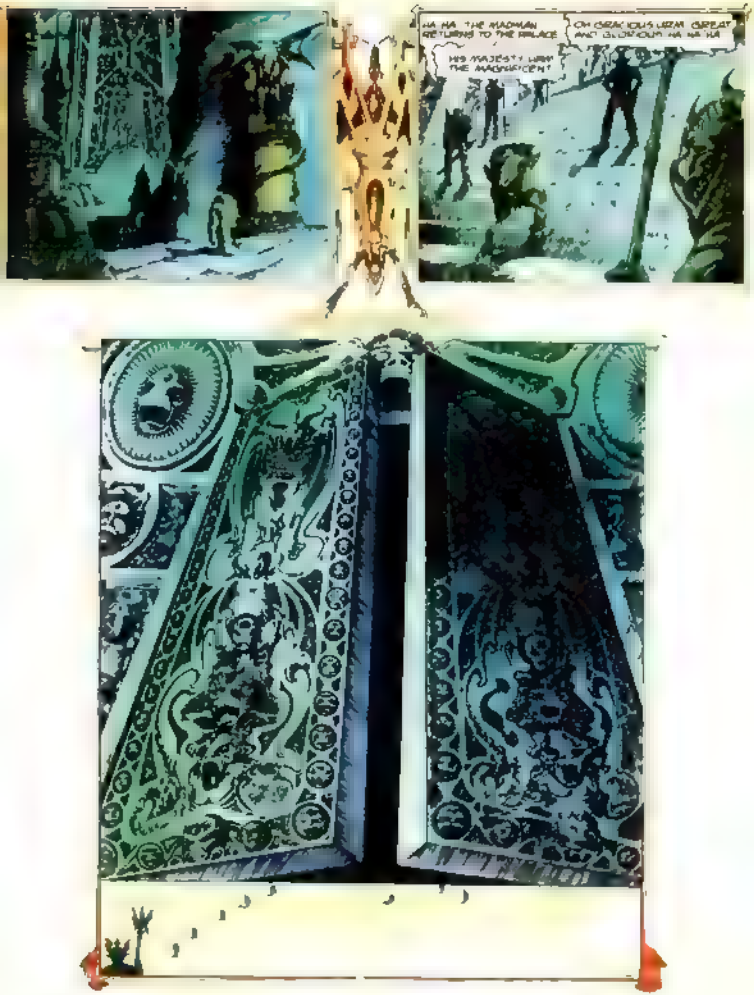
WHENCE I HAVE COME, YOU ARE AWAITED! FOLLOW!

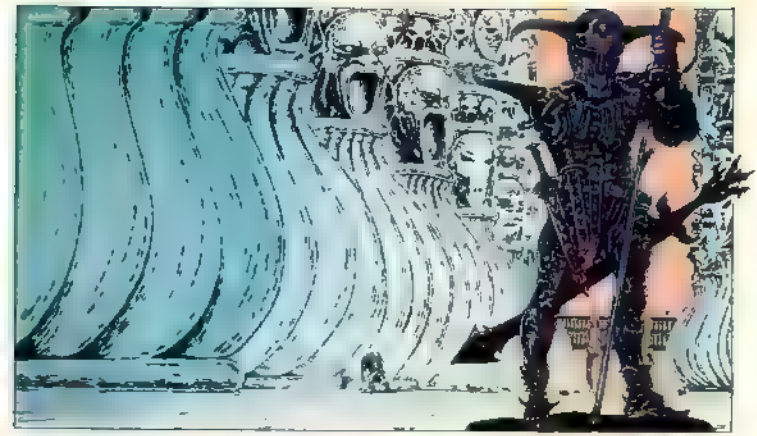

I HAIL THE HEIR ALL HAIL
I AM WHAT SOUUH KE DUA WE MIGHT TEAR KULARRY FROM YOUR MORTAL DESTINY AND WHAT KEL THAT MIGHT BE YOUR RIGHT FOR YOU ARE DESTINED TO REIGN UPON THE EARTH WITH HE WHO IS THE LAST N ONE KAMAEL HE SAID PRINCE WHAT FOUR TAKES THE SCORPION AND THE BLACK STARE AND THE TWELVE YOU MUST GO ON WITH OUR HELP AS THE TALISMAN OF STARE WITH YOU SHALL YET REIGN UPON THE THRONE OF THE EARTH
WE? WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE MOST HIGH ONE HOOO HOOO WHO HIDE IN THE STARK WHAT WILL BATTLE AT
AND ALL THE KING UPON EARTH WILL BE KING
YOU ARE BUT A BEN IN THE MEANS OF THE BLACK AND AT ALL FATHER WILL DIE BUT YOU TO OUT SPOT THE UNDEAD YOU WATCH THE SACRIFICES THE MOTHER WITH THE TRIBES OF THE EARTH GO THEIR WAY TAKE THEIR WITH OF WILL GUIDE YOU
BUT BEWARE OF THE WAILING FACE OF THE RELENTLESS PRIESTS AND OF ALL THOSE WHO DANCE WITH THE
THE TRUE KING ARE NOT BUT FROM YOU BY EARTH WHO YOU ARE ANOTHER RACE? FOR OUT OF SAVE
WE HAVE ARE WHAT WE HAD ALL
FACE

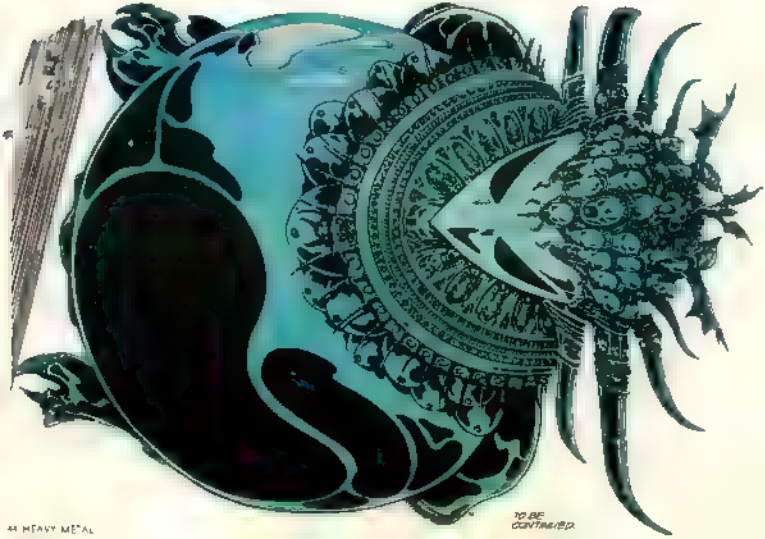
YES, YES, IT IS BE YOU, DEMONS OF THE GREAT WORLD! WHAT DO YOU DO HERE OF THIS FOR ME?
HE MEN OF EARTH HAVE FORGOTTEN US FOR OTHER GODS. IT IS OUR WISH TO RETURN, AND BE ADORED AS IN FORMER TIMES. WHEN THOSE WHO RULE THE CITIES ARE DESTROYED, ALL THAT WILL BE ONCE MORE POSSIBLE AND THEN YOU CAN REPAY US WITH A TRIBUTE IN BLOOD THE BLOOD AND THE SOULS OF THE ANGUISHED SHALL BE OUR RECOMPENSE
SO TAKE THE TALISMAN FROM THE PLACE WHERE YOUR FATHER LEFT IT AND TAKE UP AGAIN THE SEARCH FOR THE EARTH. URM THE MAD URM THE POWERFUL URM THE CONQUEROR
GLORY BE TO URM, GLORY BE TO URM, KING OF THE EARTH
OH, YES, MAY I ACCOMPLISH THAT AND TERRIBLE WILL BE MY VENGEANCE FAREWELL MY BENEFACTORS
AND NOW THE GAME BEGINS. MAY THIS BASTARD FULFIL OUR DESIGNS

THIS IS THE BLACK CITY
PRINCESS ARIANE'S GUARDIAN OF
HONORABLE TYCOONS

THIS IS THE BLACK CITY
PRINCESS KARELLEN'S GUARDIAN OF
INNUMERABLE TREASURES


HA HA THE MADMAN RETURNS TO THE PALACE
HIS MAJESTY WEARS THE MAGNIFICENT
OH GREAT GOUS LIKE GREAT AND GLORIOUS HA HA HA





TO BE CONTINUED.

WORLD FAMOUS
THOSE MAGICIANS ARE REALLY SOMETHING SPECIAL, DON'T YOU THINK?
WELL, YOU KNOW, OLD BOY, THERE ARE SOME PRETTY SURPRISING THINGS WHERE I LIVE TOO
I CAN BELIEVE IT!
WHY DON'T YOU COME OVER ONE OF THESE DAYS?
BUT MY DEAR CHAP YOU LIVE SO FAR AWAY!
LES FRENCH FOLLIES

JUST THE SAME, IT'S INCREDIBLE THAT THE WHOLE CITY HAD TO DISAPPEAR IN ORDER TO PERPETUATE WHAT MADE IT GLORIOUS...
I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT

Photograph by Kathy McGinty

# Venus—Ah, Venus

## by Richard A. Lupoff

You can generally tell pretty early what kind of day it's going to be, and it had already been a lousy day for Al Lambert when he got home around three o'clock and found the alien slouched in his easy chair with its feet on the table.

Lambert lived in what his landlord managed to call a furnished efficiency on the top floor of an old brown-shingle on Walnut Street below Shattuck. That put the rooming house in one of Berkeley's rather nondescript multiracial neighborhoods. It was neither student ghetto nor poverty-belt nor old-line money nor radical-commune territory: just a rooming house in just a neighborhood. And Al lived there with a feisty orange-and-cream tomcat named Dart.

Or what was left of Dart, anyhow. Somehow, over the years before moving in with Lambert, Dart had managed to lose one eye, half an ear, and all but a couple of inches of tail. That didn't mean that Dart was anybody's patsy. On the contrary, he was as tough as he was mean, and he was as mean as could be. Whenever Dart stood with his feet dug in, claws extended, and that stump of a tail twitching like the lead bat in the

*Venus—Ah, Venus* copyright © 1977 by Richard Lupoff

warm-up circle when Mitchell Page was waiting for his turn against some poor scrap of a pitcher, anybody with half a brain didn't stick around to quarrel, be he dog, cat, raccoon, or burglar

Once in a very great while, Al Lambert would feel some thing incredibly heavy crawl into his [illegible] if the planets were properly aligned, and it never, never hap pened if there was anybody else around to see it

Al looked at the alien and just stood there. Coming home to find a creature with scaly blue skin, ruby-faceted eyes and tentacles instead of fingers those were just the most striking features of the alien, by the way; they were by no means the only things unearthly about it was an unprecedented ex perience

Even in Berkeley, California, USA, earth, in the latter half of the twentieth century

The alien looked back at Al with no sign of startlement at all, and in the most equable voice imaginable, as if it were accustomed to addressing creatures as different from itself as it was, of course, from Al, said, "How are you doing today?"

Al groped for his other chair, a rickety wooden kitchen seat, since the alien was firmly settled in the easy chair He planted himself shakily on the scratched and many-times-refinished seat, and since he couldn't think of anything else to do at the moment, he told the alien how he was doing [illegible] and succinctly

"Lousy"

"That's too bad," the alien replied sympathetically, "would [illegible] a hard day and find a perfect stranger sitting in my one and only comfortable chair I won't make any point of your being nonhuman — in Berkeley we learn pretty fast to be tolerant of others. But still that gives you no right to barge in here uninvited, and, in fact, when I'm not even at home, and help yourself to my best chair"

Al was starting to get annoyed. That was a bad habit of his. He'd start talking about something in a perfectly neutral context and gradually work himself up to what on occasion amounted to nothing less than the proverbial towering rage

"I come to think of it, what else have you been helping yourself to? I didn't suppose you've drunk up my last quart of [illegible] have you?"

"Certainly not," said the alien His scales seemed to slide over one another when he spoke. His inflection remained its same calm self as ever and his bland face seemed to be purely functional in nature, that is, his eyes, nose, and mouth were used for seeing, breathing, and speaking, respectively. They did not register emotion.

Instead, his sliding scales seemed to generate an electrical field of some sort which produced a visible aura about him Lambert decided that colored auras were actually a pretty good way of expressing feelings Instead of raising or lowering one's voice in a series of growls, snarls, squeaks, moans, and other modulations, all the while maneuvering one's facial muscles into an accompanying orchestration of smiles, smirks, winces, grimaces, frowns, sneers, moues, and lics, one need only flash the traditional red of anger, green of envy, gold of contentment, black of despair and so on.

When the alien denied having consumed Lambert's perish ables, he — for by now Al had decided that the alien was indeed a he and not an it — and certainly not a she, more's the pity he flashed an aura of a deeply phosphorescent midnight purple, a tint distantly related to but easily distin guishable from his own pigmentation. Al took this aura to represent sincerity possibly mixed with just a touch of injured [illegible]

"You don't wish to tell me why you're feeling so lonely?" the alien repeated in his blandly unreflected but otherwise idiomatic English.

"I already told you that I didn't see why I should tell you about my private affairs," Al replied. "On the other hand, I don't see any reason why I shouldn't, either I certainly haven't been doing anything illegal. Even if you were from the CIA the IRS, or the county sheriff's office, I could tell you every thing I've done since I woke up this morning, and the chances are you'd be nothing but bored."

"Please," said the alien. "I'm really very interested."

His scales flashed a sort of mauve, giving Al a feeling that [illegible] willing to [illegible] and while he had often been in the habit of enumerating them to Dart, the prospect of having an articulate listener for a change was attractive

"Well, I went up to unemployment first thing and they said that my benefits were about to run out Then I went up to the food stamps office and they said that there was a new set of federal guidelines and they were going to cut me off at the end of the month.

"I decided to take a walk on Telegraph and see what was new with the street artists and what was new in the book stores and record stores, and I saw my girl with some creep fraternity kid. I don't know what she sees in those clean-cut types, but when I went over to say hello she cut me dead so I guess that's all over between us

"Finally, I came home and the landlord was sweeping the sidewalk and when he saw me he said if I didn't pay my rent by the end of the week he was going to evict. It's almost time for the new quarter to start at the university, and he wants to rent my room to somebody a little more, as he puts it, stable and reliable"

"I see," said the alien, his aura flashing a deeper and more sympathetic tone than ever "That is a remarkable series of misfortunes. I should think you would be eager to accept an opportunity to change your luck."

Al got up from the wooden chair and walked over to the door He opened it, looked into the hall to assure himself of privacy, then reclosed and double-locked it the way he some times did when he had company of an intimate sort and wished emphatically not to be interrupted, and returned to his place. He looked around the room itself and saw that aside from himself and the alien only Dart was present, the bulge of Dart's belly and the pleased quality [illegible] that he had forayed out the window in Al's absence [illegible] forced with a full stomach

"Change my luck?" Al hitched his wooden chair toward the overstuffed one occupied by the alien and leaned forward attentively. "Change my luck how? You aren't pushing some thing, are you?"

"My dear sir," the alien exclaimed, his voice as level as ever but his aura flashing with an intensity Al could barel compare even to the Glen McKay Head Lights show he had seen at a Jefferson Airplane concert once when his girl turned up with a spare ticket and invited him to attend as her guest

My dear sir, I am not here in the role of an importer or distributor of anything. What I offer, in fact, is something very much the opposite

The alien rose from Al's favorite easy chair and walked to a shadowy corner of the room, where he bent with surprising suppleness and opened a receptacle which Al had not previously noticed. It was of a dark, glossy material, and of a size and shape somewhere between that of a lady's large handbag and a small businessman's attache case In fact, it bore a slight resemblance to a leather case which Lambert had once found misplaced or abandoned on a number 5R bus and pawned for a few dollars after a few days' perusal of the classifieds failed to turn up an offer of a reward

The alien rose again and returned to the table placing a small object on the center of the table, having first cleared a small area of old newspapers, empty cups, and filled ashtrays

"What I have in mind," the alien said, "is that you might wish to leave this locale. Exchange it, so to speak for more congenial surroundings. If you follow my drift"

I guess I do." A said, stalling for time. "But I want to ask you some questions first. Is that okay?"

His mind was racing back over the alien's words while his eye examined the object on the table. He tried to remember every story he'd ever [illegible] people getting suckered [illegible] in their greed to take advantage of seemingly innocuous offers. Most of those he could recall involved deals with the devil. In most, the greedy human wound up forfeiting his soul and suffering the fires of eternal damnation as the penalty for his greed.

But this was no devil: this was a blue, scaly alien with red eyes and tentacles instead of fingers, and besides, Al didn't believe in souls anyhow so there was nothing to worry about in that concern. He couldn't remember very clearly any stories about deals with aliens, and the one or two that flashed tantalizingly around the extremost nodes of his brain seemed [illegible] to be [illegible] and [illegible]

Still, it didn't hurt to be cautious.

The alien had agreed to answer as many questions as Al wanted to ask him; he was in no hurry. Earth was quite a comfortable little planet for him to visit and he was enjoying the stimulating intellectual companionship which he found here.

"Okay," said A., "the first thing I want to know is, how come you speak English? I hope you aren't going to give me that corny old line about monitoring radio and television broadcasts. I've heard that so many sci-fi flicks I'm sick of it."

As a matter of fact," the alien said, slithering rather gracefully onto the kitchen chair since A. had moved to the easy chair when the alien vacated it, "as a matter of fact, I tried to monitor your transmissions but I found them such a mélange of the vapid and the offensive that I had to give up. I hope that I haven't offended you by saying that. When I mention your transmissions, I refer to transmissions originating on this planet, not bowling you personally to account for them."

The alien's scales slid and scraped a bit against one another and emitted an aura of blended orange and rose hues shot with a few pure white sparks. Clearly, the alien was being subjected to the strongest of emotions. Al hastened to reassure the alien that he was not offended, not because he cared particularly whether the creature felt unhappy or not but rather because it seemed increasingly clear that the alien might have something worthwhile to dispense, and Al didn't want to cut himself out of anything good.

Well, no," the alien went on, "the way I learned English was via the little device that I brought with me." He reached behind one ear — the alien's ears weren't shaped *anything* like human ones and weren't located on the sides of the head either — and after a moment's exertion removed a small metallic device about the size of a bottle cap. He held it under Al's nose for a couple of seconds, then stuck it behind his ear again.

You see? This picks up whatever communication is going on around me and translates it into my own language so I hear both the ambient, or original, version — and a rendering into my own idiom. Pretty soon I can communicate in the [illegible]

Al thought that was a very useful little machine and told the alien so. "Could you talk to anybody besides me?" Al asked.

"Oh, yes," said a series of colors cascaded over the alien's body as if to emphasize as well as punctuate his affirmation. "Would you like me to talk to someone else? Here " And the alien, turning so as to face Dart, emitted a series of catlike purrs, meows, chuckles and croons.

Dart lifted his distinctively characterized if rather unbeautiful face in surprise and responded to the alien.

The alien produced a fresh series of feline noises and Dart dropped his head, shifted his remaining yellow orb, and put [illegible] to go to sleep. All the while maintaining a careful surveillance of his surroundings as cats so often do.

Al commented, "But how do I [illegible] to each other? How do I know it wasn't just a lot of noise? What did Dart say, anyhow?"

The alien reached a surprisingly long arm toward the one-eyed cat and dangled a cluster of tentacles simply for the animal's approval; before kneading Dart's back and shoulders and winning a series of loud purrs as his reward.

"He told me that he was over at the back door of the Burger Balloon today and met a delightful female with whom he shared the pleasures of the garbage pail as well as those of, ah, feline amour. He had an altogether delightful time, and further has an appointment with the female to perform an encore some hours hence."

Ah, come on!" Al pointed a finger accusingly at the alien. "That's all a lot of phony junk. You can't talk to cats. They aren't intelligent creatures anyhow."

"As you will," said the alien, his aura deepening to a disappointed chartreuse. "I didn't force the claim upon you. You asked and I merely told you the truth. Should I talk to the chair? Or the bed over there? They have minds, too, you know, and they can speak. Odd, you people have discovered that several times, the notion of the Greek sloth and that of the Japanese *kami* are both fairly close to it, but you don't seem to give it credence, A."

[illegible] sure don't. Look, I'm getting a little bit impatient with [illegible] and besides, there's a free dinner [illegible] up at the Church, and another one at the Hare Krishna temple, and if I can get to the Unitarians in time I can chow down and then make it over to the Krishnas, too. They go in for a lot of chanting before they eat, you know."

Yes," said the alien.

So, my point is, fellow, if you have a proposition to make I wish you'd come to the point or else I have to ask you to leave."

"I'm sorry to take so long," the alien said. "I really enjoy getting to know a new species. And you humans are quite interesting, you know. Not too high on the intelligence scale, of course. Quite a few others on this planet are ahead of you there. But I must say that I have never —"

And the alien paused and leaned back, steepling its clusters of tentacles in an amazingly human gesture as he did so.

never come across a race so droll in some fifteen galaxies that I've visited. So I might even say *bizarre* in your behavior."

Colors were running from the top of the alien's scaly blue head to the tips of its scaly blue feet, which A. Lambert noticed for the first time were naked and equipped with large, black curved, pointed claws instead of toenails. Al ran his eye up the alien's leg from those claws and realized with a start that not only were the alien's feet unencumbered with raiment — *all* of the alien was naked. That must be why he'd fished in the briefcase-thing for the little gadget on the table, and why he'd worn the language machine behind his ear. Lack of pockets could be a dreadful nuisance.

"Okay, fine," A. urged the alien along. Lambert had, in all honesty, never given a great deal of thought to the possibility of dealing with scaly blue beings from outer space, and in the rare moments when he *had* contemplated that contingency, he'd never anticipated the problem of dealing with one who talked around things so long that he might cost Al a free meal. Or even two free meals — on the same night.

"Listen, you clearly have some kind of offer to make. Will you make it so I can either take you up on it or tell you no and go chow down?"

The alien said, "Of course, of course. Very simply, I represent an organization that controls intergalactic rights to the portal you see before you." He leaned forward and with a cluster of writhing blue tentacles adjusted some small extensions on the sides of the device resting on Al's all-purpose table. A light sprang on in the center of the device. It looked like an open square, a window or picture frame. The light was

a bright green, just below the level of intensity that would have made it impossible for Al to look at it for more than a few seconds at a time.

Al stood up and leaned over the table, gazing into the brilliant light. He thought he could almost make out something on the other side of the square. It wasn't the other side of his room.

He walked around the table and looked at the illuminated square from the other side. Here the illumination was equally as bright, but of a different color: a sort of misty violet (or which, Al thought, there ought to be a name. Maroon? No. Purple? Mauve? Surely not. Magenta? Yes, that was it. A brilliant magenta light, also so brilliant that he could barely tolerate looking into it.

"You see?" the alien inquired. "I need merely turn on the [illegible] and anything that we pass through the opening in [illegible]

He [illegible] up a dried crab of some kind and magenta [illegible] on the table and flipped it through the magenta side of the portal. In the blinking of an eye it was gone, quite without sound, flash, vibration, odor, or any other sign of its passing.

The alien picked up another scrap from the table, a bent paper clip that had at one time held a slim sheaf of papers together. He held it in the center of a group of tentacles and flipped it through the green side of the portal. Like the lasagna, it was gone.

Lambert sidled around the table until he was standing directly over the portal, looking down on it, his right eye on the green side, his left on the magenta. It was an odd sight: the table top was illuminated for a few square inches around the portal, one side each color. There was no sign of either the crumb of lasagna or the bent strip of paper clip.

"That little gadget, eh?"

"Quite so."

"Gone?"

[illegible]

"That isn't a miniature furnace or anything like that, is it? Your gadget, I mean?"

"Oh, no! Wouldn't think of such a thing. Instantaneous transportation of matter. Here to there." The alien was sitting with his fingers steepled again, his feet crossed and resting on the edge of Al's table. For a moment A. considered asking the alien to remove his feet from the table, not that he was getting it dirty, really: not that there was anything there that would be harmed by a little more dirt, considering the condition in which Al kept his so-called furnished efficiency but merely on the grounds that it would give him a psychological advantage to put the alien in a bad light and cast himself in the role of an authority figure.

But then he decided that the alien might not follow out the suggestion, and that would put Al in a weaker position than ever. Better not to risk it.

"Here to where?" Al asked the alien.

"Anywhere you like. Any inhabited planet within fifteen galaxies. Or any uninhabited one, for that matter. Anywhere at all. Want to go to the back side of the moon? Walk the deserts of Mars? Explore beneath the cloud cover of Venus? See the rings of Saturn up close?"

"Nah." Al shook his head. "Those things are all spoiled. Used to be great. I used to read comic books about places like that. Secret cities on the moon. Ancient ruins and giant mutants plodding across red Martian plains. Venusian swamps. Those were best of all. Steaming jungles. Endless monsoons. White traders soaking up local rum in spaceport saloons while froggies harvested the gubba-gubba wood. Those were the days!"

The alien asked Al why he used the past tense. That was one of the remarkable things about the alien's use of English — not only did he possess a vocabulary every bit as extensive as Lambert's, if a trifle less colorful — he was thoroughly conversant with technicalities of mood, voice, and tense. Things that sometimes puzzle even professional purveyors of prose and poetry. Amazing.

In response to the alien's question about his use of tense, Al Lambert explained that the explorations of NASA and its Soviet counterpart had stolen all of the glamour from the planets. We'd known all along that the front side of the moon was a fierce and sterile wasteland of mountains and craters and rocks. Now we knew that the back side was another wasteland of mountains and craters and rocks. We'd suspected all along that Mars would present a hostile environment for life, but now we knew that it was so hostile that there could be no nomads. Maybe once upon a time there had been, and maybe the planet would be explored someday and artifacts would be found, but no hypothetical, polished lying buried beneath millions of years of sand could compete with a living Martian. And Venus — ah, Venus, that was the sharpest sting of all. No need even to contemplate Venus.

The alien's aura positively shimmered sympathy at Lambert. "But you see, there is no need to fret over the loss. The galaxy contains billions and billions and billions of stars, Al. And most of them have planets. And there are so many galaxies. You can find any kind of world you want, don't you see? It doesn't matter what your specifications are, short of actually violating the basic laws of nature. What if the odds are long? If you want a one-in-a-million planet, it exists. One in a hundred million. On [illegible]

Instantaneous transport," the alien repeated, tapping the upper framework of his portal. Somehow he reminded A. Lambert of a used car salesman proudly demonstrating a late-model sports car. Al felt a little suspicious.

"That may work for lasagna crumbs and bent paper clips, but how am I going to fit through there? I'm a lot bigger than a [illegible] paper clip!"

[illegible] he said. "Through the proximity field relativity principle, anything that passes through the portal is reduced to the dimensions of the portal as it passes through, and then restored to its normal size as it emerges on the other side."

"That, alie[illegible] how I got here."

Al said hmmm.

Now just where did you say you wished to go?" the alien asked.

Al didn't reply.

"A-ghoul XXIII? NGC 6607? Beta Ceti?"

Actually," Al ventured, "I really am kind of fond of the old Venus. I suppose there's something just a trifle decadent in my makeup that those images resonate with. If you know what I mean, of course."

"I do, I do." the alien said his aura glowing with empathy.

But Venus isn't like that at all," Al resumed. "Always seemed to me a cross between the South Seas and outer space: best parts of both, worst of neither."

The alien went to his briefcase again and pulled out a crackle-covered notebook. He started flipping pages.

Al leaned over and tried to look over the alien's shoulder but the alien turned the book so Al couldn't see into it. "Sorry," he said, his aura glowing softly as a gray compounded of apology and helplessness, "it's a firm rule. Policy you know. I'd let you look in the catalog if it were up to me. There's nothing secret about it. But the rules are the rules."

Al harrumphed and sat down.

"Ah," the alien said, his aura brightening up greatly, "here's just the thing for you. Rather far, don't think you have a formal designation for the place? Small pinkish star in a second-generation ellipsoid spiral nebula out in the general direction of, ah, Spica, eh? Not much, much farther of course."

The alien twiddled with the knobs and slides on the edges of the miniature window frame. Al tried to peer through the opening, first from the greenish side, then from the magenta. He could see plenty of color and what he thought might be shapes moving around, but everything was so vague, thanks to the dazzling brightness, that he couldn't be sure of anything he saw.

"How do I go?

Simplest thing in the world. In the world. Little joke, that." The alien's aura gave a display of yellow with red orange polka dots when he told a joke. Roughly the equivalent of laughter, Al decided. "All you have to do is start through. Should be easy for you — just poke one of those things, fingers, into the frame and off you go."

Al reached forward. A movement behind the alien arrested his progress, however. He looked and saw that it was Doctor Tomex, tiptoeing around. It's amazing how lightly even the bulkiest of toons can tiptoe when he really wants to — and for some reason that made Al Lambert ask a final question before he stuck his finger in the portal.

"What do I have to pay for this?"

A positive rainbow rippled down the alien's form, then reverberated back from his clawed feet to his scale-covered blue noggin. "There is no fee. My organization provides this service without charge to the user."

Al took a deep breath, held his nose with one thumb and forefinger, poised his other forefinger at the edge of the glowing portal, and lunged.

Something went zap! A's hair stood on end as if he were in the middle of a zone of static electricity, he felt every nerve in his body tingle, every muscle spasm, his ears rang, his eyes bugged, his head swam. He smelled something that he tentatively identified as ozone, his taste buds went wild trying to label something that was sweet, sour, salty, and bitter all at once. The closest thing to the experience that he could recall was a special Bloody Mary that his girl friend had once ordered from a bartender she knew and that A had raised expecting only a mild, tomatoey flavor.

And suddenly he found himself in a completely different place.

It was a dark room. A bar, in fact, from first impressions lighted by flickering cressets and candles. Apparently the place was without electricity. It didn't have the feel of a Trader Vic's, where fortunes are expended to [illegible] atmosphere of a South Seas dive. It had more of the ambience of a real South Seas dive — but it wasn't exactly like that either.

The walls were made of some kind of rough, fibrous material. The floor was covered with mats of the same stuff. The bar itself seemed to be made of wood, but of no type Lambert could remember. He himself was sitting at a tiny, grimy table in the darkest corner of the largely empty room.

There were two or three men lounging at the bar wearing a variety of stained and ragged khaki. Each looked more unkempt and unshaven than the next. They were drinking steadily and conversing in low voices. The only other sound came from outside — a steady drumbeat of gigantic raindrops pounding off the roof of the building, off the narrow wooden walkway outside, onto the dark, muddy ground beyond.

Lambert couldn't see far outside — it seemed to be daytime, but the sky was so heavily overcast, the sun so weak and so hidden, that visibility was lost in the rain after a few yards. Only an occasional streak of livid verdant lightning illuminated what lay beyond the muddy clearing, a jungle, dense, steaming, clotted with hungry vines and fat, fleshy leaves of unhealthy stark reds and yellows. Whenever the lightning struck, hideously bloodcurdling screams rose from the jungle, only to be cut off a few seconds later by the thunderous reverberating report that followed each lightning bolt.

Lambert slouched farther into the shadows, prepared to observe and orient himself before he took any overt action. Caution was the byword.

One of the men at the bar had obviously taken offense at something said by another. He slammed down his glass of wicked-colored booch and shouted at his companion. "I don't care what them damned bleeding hearts has to say. These Vermes is just a pack of animals. Reptiles. Giant trained frogs. You can't reason with 'em and to harvest the yzzrri weed for us and hat's all they're good for, and killing one of 'em doesn't amount to anything!"

"I'm not so certain of that," his companion was saying in reply. "They seem to be quite intelligent. They have a culture of their own, primitive to be sure. But they have gods and legends and even a few crude sculptures. That's why the museum sent me here, of course, to gather enough Vermie artifacts for a display."

"Garbage!" the first man roared back. "They're just a bunch of toads, and they even know it themselves. Here, I'll prove it to you, you lousy toad-lover!"

He pounded a huge, dirty fist on the wooden bar. "Hey! Fytzl! Get the hell over here before I mash your legs for ... "

The bartender dropped a towel and glass he'd been holding and scuttled over to face the two men. For the first time, Al Lambert was able to see the bartender clearly. He had a curiously flat, broad head with bulging eyes, no visible nose, and a mouth that would have split his face from ear to ear when he opened it if he'd had any ears.

Yzz, rzyr," the creature croaked at the human. When he opened his mouth, Al could see that he had an incredibly long red tongue hinged at the front of his upper jaw.

"Tell this bleeding heart that you're just a bunch of frogs an toads, Vermie, before I open up your liver with my shiv!"

The bartender started to shake. He put his hands on the bar to steady himself and Al could see that the fingers were long and thin and connected with a membranous webbing. Fytzl's skin was a slimy-looking olive green mottled with almost black spots the size of small frisbees.

"Yzz, zzyr, bwnorra," the bartender croaked. "Jzzt heazzz, thzzz all Vermees nrrr. Beazzz, towdzz, yzz zzyrz!" He ducked his head and scurried away again.

"You see?" the first man exclaimed triumphantly, "just what I told you! They even admit it!"

"Well, I'm not totally convinced even so," the second man replied. "But look," he said, pointing to the open door of the bar, "here comes a Vermee work squad back from the jungle."

Lambert's eyes followed those of the two men. By a flash of lurid lightning he could see a row of the froglike creatures emerging from the leaves and vines of the noisome growth. They were being battered by the unrelenting downpour, and their backs were bent beneath titanic loads of slimily dripping leaves and fronds. Open wounds and hideous bruises marked them one and all.

A man in a bright yellow slicker and hood was herding the Vermies, coiled whip in one hand, elaborate ray pistol in the other. There was something strangely, hauntingly familiar in the man's tough appearance, his slightly off-center gait.

Something came to galvanized life within Al Lambert. It was the Vermies' own problem, there was nothing he could do about it, and besides, maybe the first man at the bar was right anyhow, and the froglike creatures were mere animals. Still, even in the selfish breast of Al Lambert, something stirred and bubbled and sprang into action.

He pushed the table angrily away from himself and ignored the crash and the clatter with which it rolled across the barroom floor. Al was already moving across the room and out the open door across the wooden walk and onto the mud outside. He felt the heavy raindrops begin to smash onto his head and shoulders but it bothered him remarkably little, as if he had been born to this steaming, semi-amphibious milieu.

Gathering all of his energy and all of his anger he sprang across the muddy clearing and confronted the man herding the hapless Vermies. They stood face to face for a few seconds. Al looked into the eye of the slicker-garbed stranger a single, mean, sly, yellow eye that seemed to bore into Al's brain. The man's nose was curved and showed an ugly indentation where it had once been broken. A wicked scar curved from [illegible] and, in fact, his whole face into a perpetual nasty sneer.

"Well, what do you want? Be quick about it!" the man said.

"You must stopp enzzlaving dzzz poor Vveenegg!" Lambert heard himself croak.

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TELEFIELD
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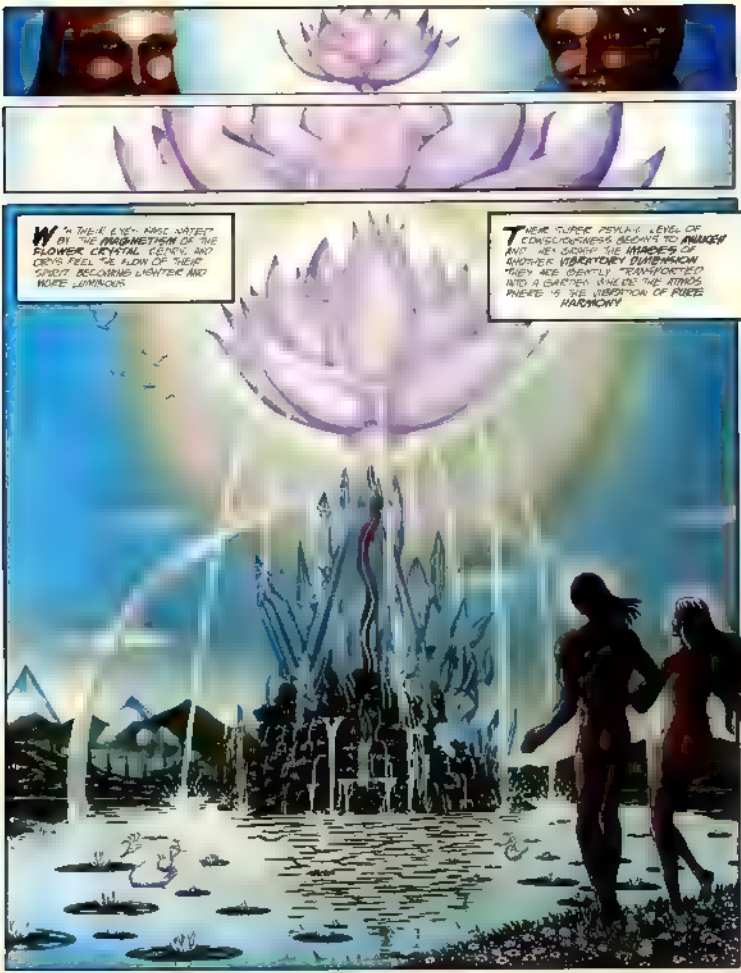
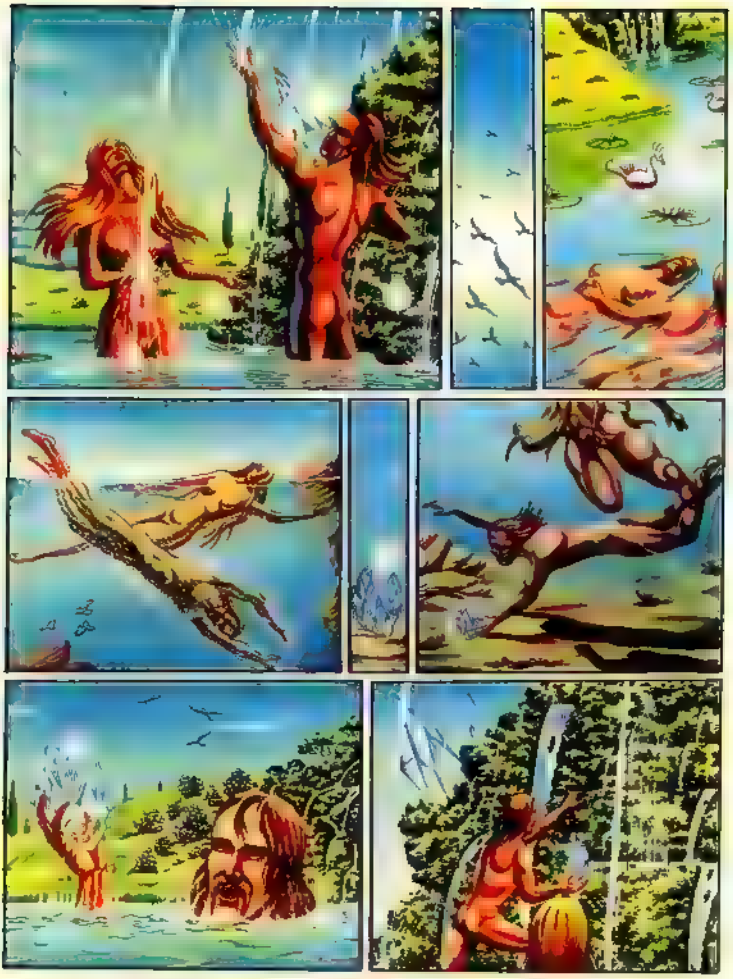
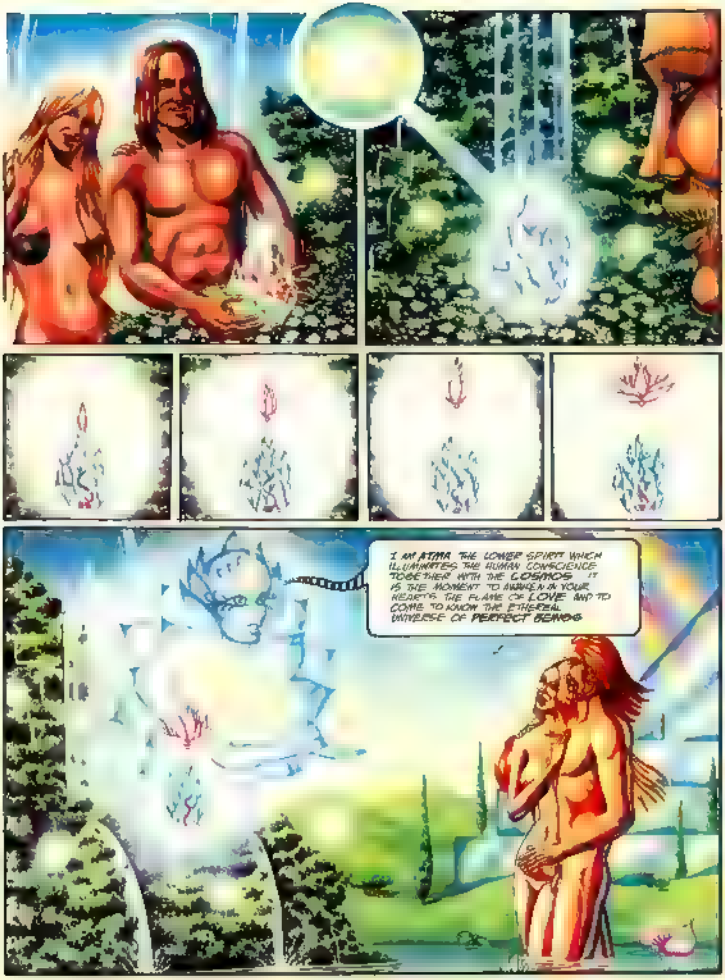
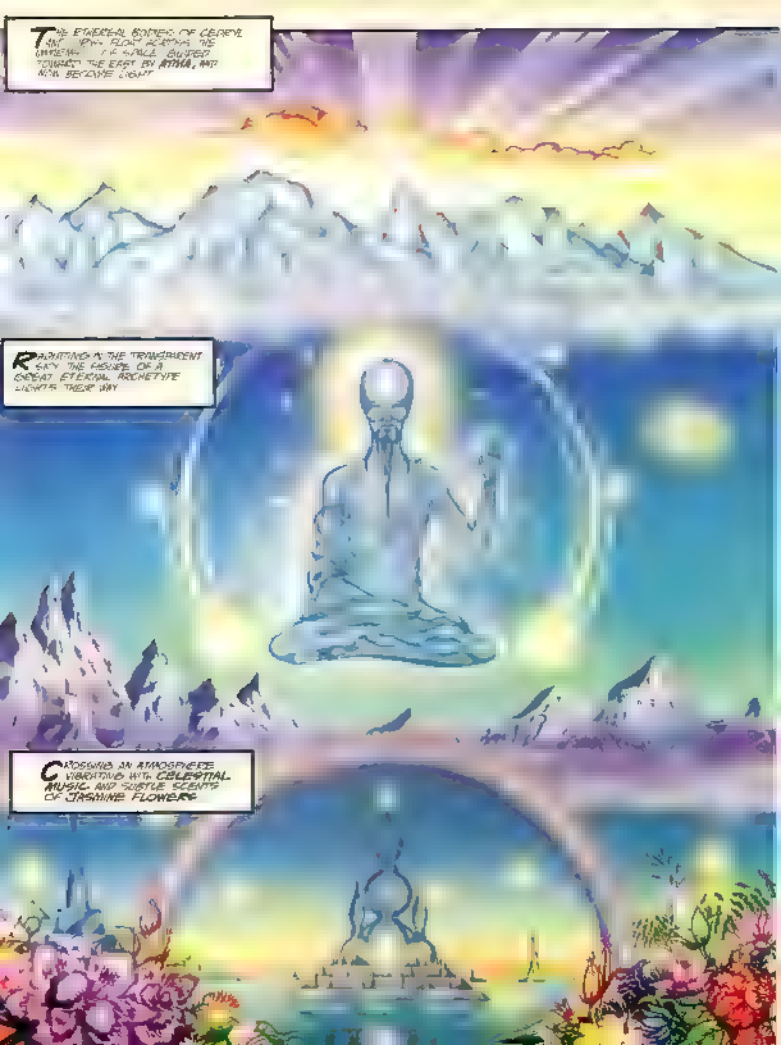
TIME AND SPACE HAVE THE SAME VIBRATION. PURE ENERGY. LIGHT.
EACH OF US, DREAMING AS A WHIRLWIND FLAME TO ENCIRCLE THE HEART BY THE STARS. HOW LOVELY.

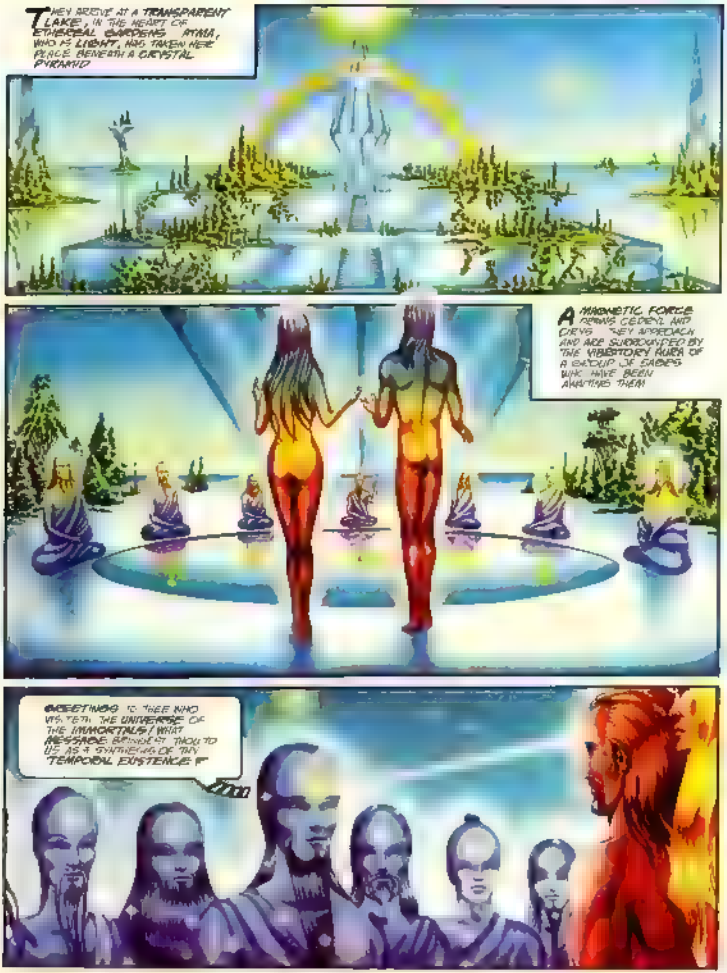

WITH THEIR EYES MADE WATERY BY THE MAGNETISM OF THE FLOWER CRYSTAL GEMS, AND CRYS FEEL THE FLOW OF THEIR SPIRIT BECOMING LIGHTER AND MORE LUMINOUS
THERE TURNS PSYCHIC LEVEL OF CONSCIOUSNESS BEGINS TO AWAKEN AND HER SPIRIT THE IMAGES OF ANOTHER VIBRATORY DIMENSION THEY ARE GENTLY TRANSPORTED INTO A GARDEN WHERE THE ATMOSPHERE IS THE VIBRATION OF PURE HARMONY




I AM ATMA THE LOWER SPIRIT WHEN ILLUMINATES THE HUMAN CONSCIENCE TOGETHER WITH THE COSMOS IT IS THE MOMENT TO AWAKEN IN YOUR HEARTS THE FLAME OF LOVE AND TO COME TO KNOW THE ETHEREAL UNIVERSE OF PERFECT BEINGS

OPEN YOURSELVES TO MY ENERGY! COMPLETE WITH ME THE CIRCUITS BETWEEN THE STREAMS OF FREE AND ENLIGHTENED CONSCIOUSNESS! YOU HAVE NEURO PSYCHIC CENTERS AS ENERGY SOURCES AT THE BASE OF YOUR SPINE AND AT YOUR HEAD! AWAKEN THEM!
AS FOR ME I WILL TAKE MY ORIGINAL FORM AGAIN. PURE LIGHT! I COME! AWAKEN! I ALLOW THE VIBRATORY LEVEL OF YOUR BODY TO GROW AND CARRY YOU INTO THE BEYOND! FOLLOW ME! BECOME BEINGS OF LIGHT AND FLY!


THE ETHEREAL BODIES OF CERYL AND IRIN FLOAT ACROSS THE UNIVERSE, IT WORLD SHIFTED TOWARDS THE EAST BY RITHA, AND NOW BECOME LIGHT
RIGHTING IN THE TRANSPARENT SKY, THE FIGURES OF A GREAT ETERNAL ARCHETYPE LIGHTS THEIR WAY
CROSSING AN ATMOSPHERE VIBRATING WITH CELESTIAL MUSIC AND SUBTLE SCENTS OF JASMINE FLOWERS


THEY ARRIVE AT A TRANSPARENT LAKE, IN THE HEART OF ETHEREAL GARDENS. ATMA, WHO IS LIBRA, HAS TAKEN HER PLACE BENEATH A CRYSTAL PYRAMID.
A MAGNETIC FORCE FORMS BETWEEN THEM AS THEY APPROACH AND ARE SURROUNDED BY THE VIBRATORY AURA OF A GROUP OF BEINGS WHO HAVE BEEN AWAITING THEM.
GREETINGS TO THEE WHO VISITETH THE UNIVERSE OF THE IMMORTALS! WHAT MESSAGE BRINGEST THOU TO US AS A SYNTHESIS OF THY TEMPORAL EXISTENCE?
HEAVY METAL 64

TAOLIRTH PASSED THROUGH THE FIRST DOOR TRAVELLERS IN TIME! THIS PRECIOUS FLOWER CREATED BY MY PSYCHONIC ENERGIES, SHALL BE PLANTED IN OUR ETHEREAL GARDENS!
THY PURPOSE IS KNOWN TO US. THE SUPERHUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS AND THE UNION BETWEEN EARTH AND COSMOS. NOW YOU HAST ARRIVED AT THE GATES OF IMMORTALITY, THIS MUST BE FORGOTTEN IF YOU WOULD BECOME MASTERS OF ENERGY! GO THEN AND ASCEND THE STAIRS WHICH WILL LEAD YOU TO THE EARTH ARCHETYPES.
TO BE CONTINUED

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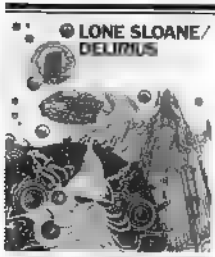


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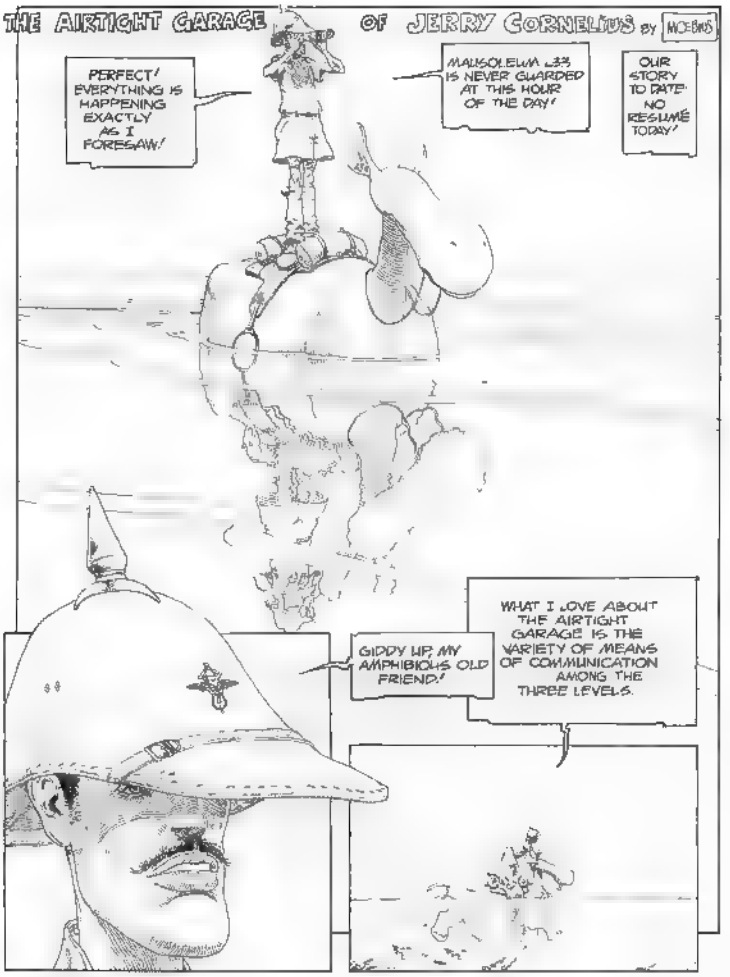
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PERFECT! EVERYTHING IS HAPPENING EXACTLY AS I FORESAW!
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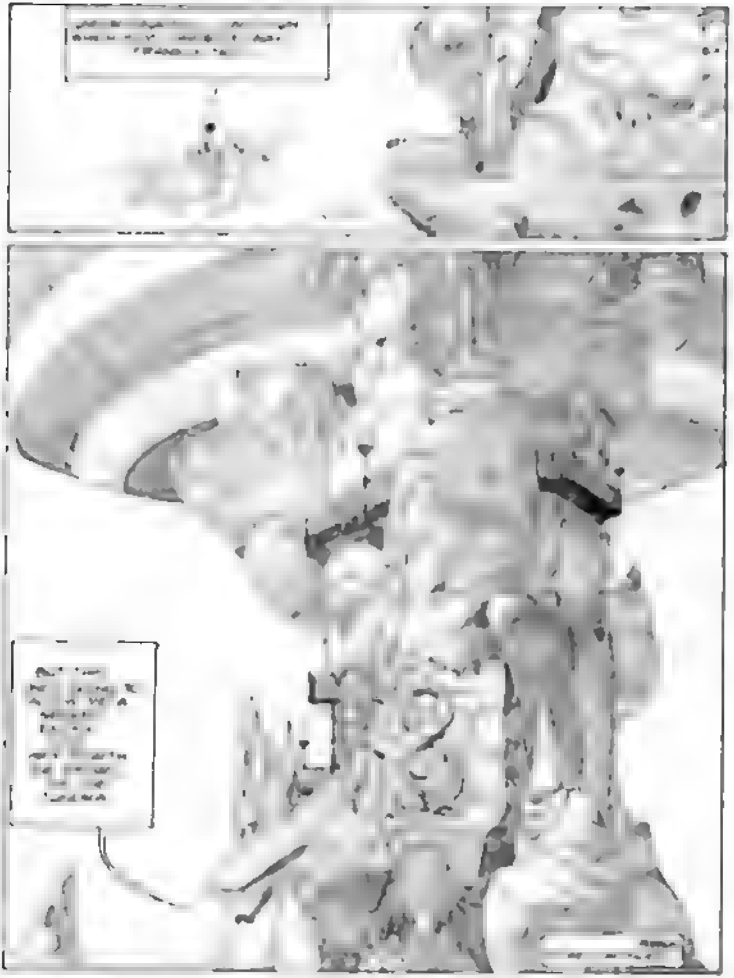
OUR STORY TO DATE: NO RESUMÉ TODAY!
GIDDY UP, MY AMPHIBIOUS OLD FRIEND!
WHAT I LOVE ABOUT THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE IS THE VARIETY OF MEANS OF COMMUNICATION AMONG THE THREE LEVELS.



C... ...

tainly a little more mature than this repetitious outpouring of high school frosh bullshit

Derek K. Long
Teaneck, N.J.

*Hang in there, Derek. We have some college frosh bullshit coming soon. In fact, publishing this letter of yours is a step in that direction. —Eds*

Dear Maniacs

I figures that a lunatic magazine like *Heavy Metal* would be edited by lunatics. Sean Kelly and Valerie Marchant are crazier than Gilles de Rais and Lucretia Borgia. Most of the art in *HM* is great, too bad the stories suck. Ellison's "How's the Night Life on Cissalda?" could have been the star feature in *Weird Sex Confessions of a Demented Pervert* or even *Hustler*. Like to meet Nicol le.

Denny Oaley
Chi-town, Ill.

*Funny, Harlan always speaks so well of you, Denny. —Eds*

To the Editors

Walking slowly towards the door, I am conscious of nothing but the need to know what lies beyond and in. I turn the handle and throw the door open. Death faces me in the most physical sense and I realize as I turn that I'm at the gates of hell the fire engulfs me, and I burn. *Heavy Metal* is better than being stoned.

Lawrence Pugh
Longview, Washington

*Well, anyway, it beats that angel dust stuff, huh, Larry? —Eds*


# COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

**HM #1/APRIL, 1977** With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak and more. $4.00

**HM #2/MAY, 1977** Introducing Roger the paranoid puppet, Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. ($4.00)

**HM #3/JUNE, 1977** Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben, Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. ($3.00)

**HM #4/JULY, 1977:** Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen. ($3.00)

**HM #5/AUGUST, 1977** In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai, puppets, sex and violence. ($3.00)

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**HM #10/JANUARY 1978** We got M... ... ... we got ... ... ... we ... ... ... da girl, we concluded Conquering Armies and continued Den. Of course you knew about the Incas, fog lights ... warp. ($2.00)

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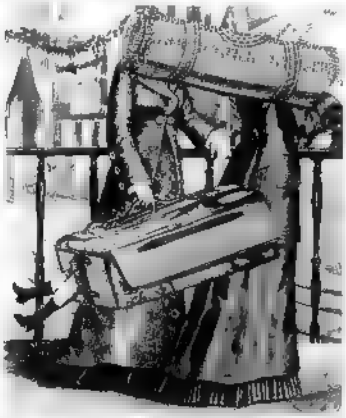
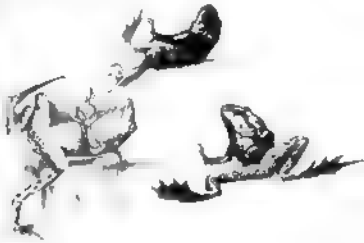
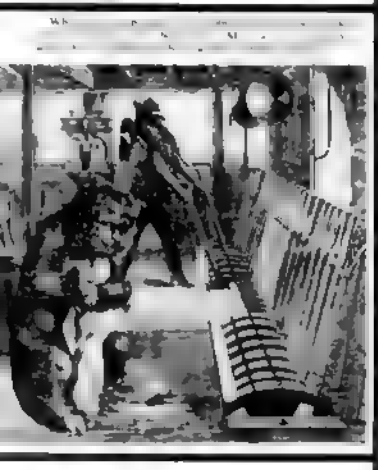
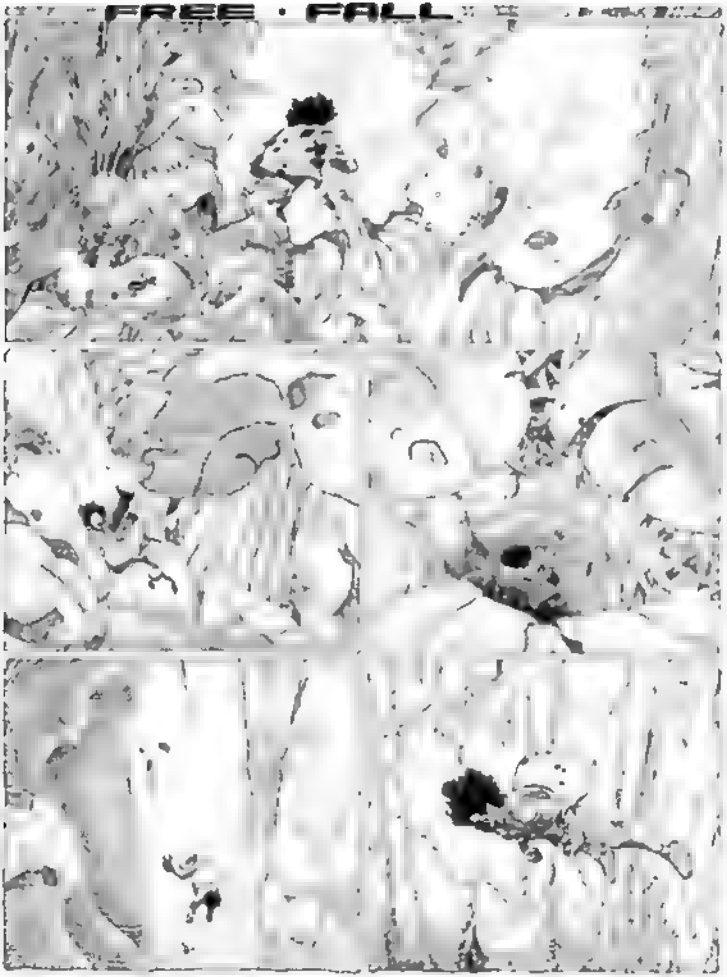
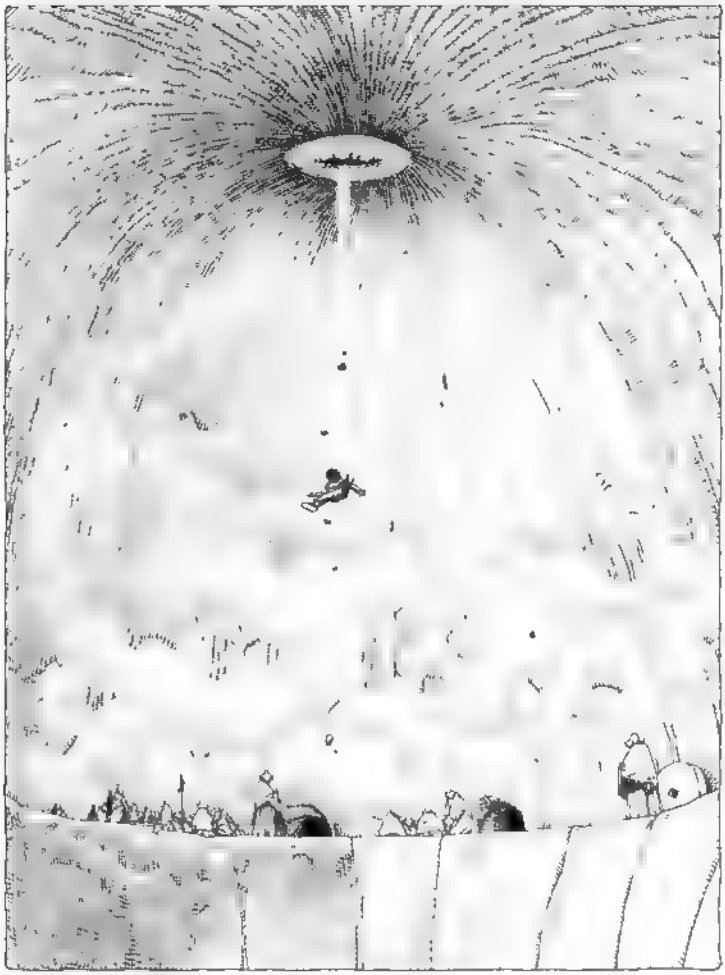
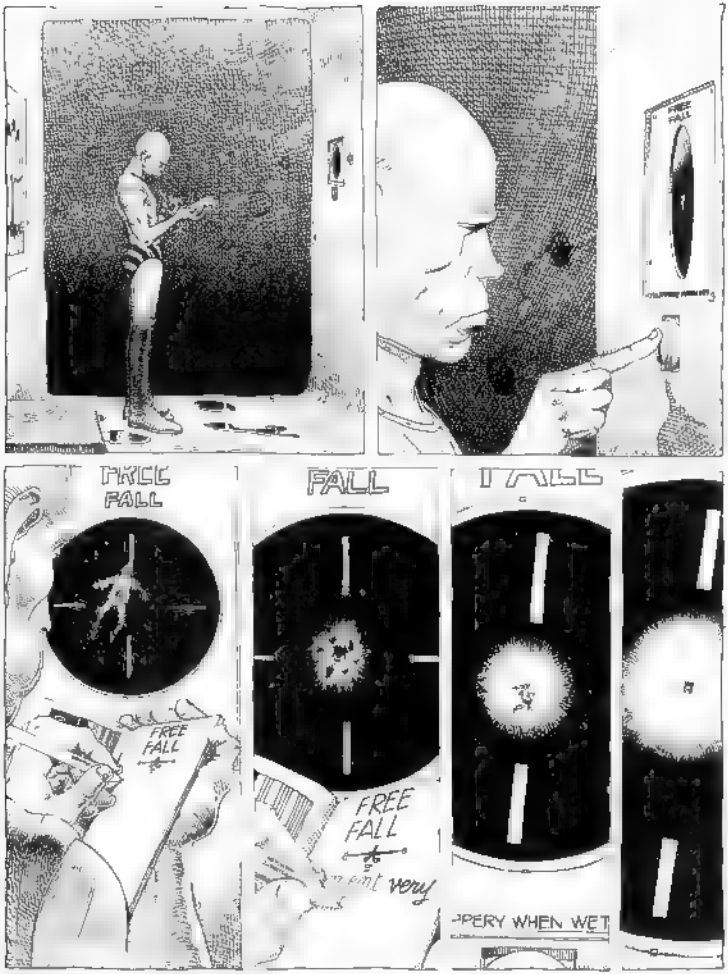







FREE · FALL




FREE FALL
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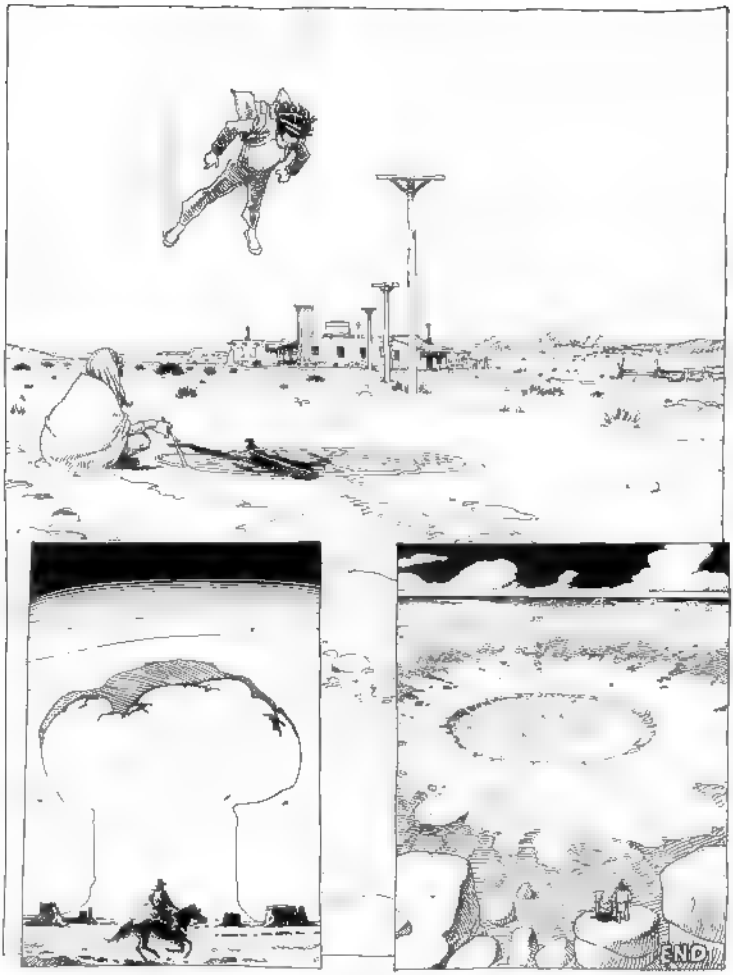
SLIPPERY WHEN WET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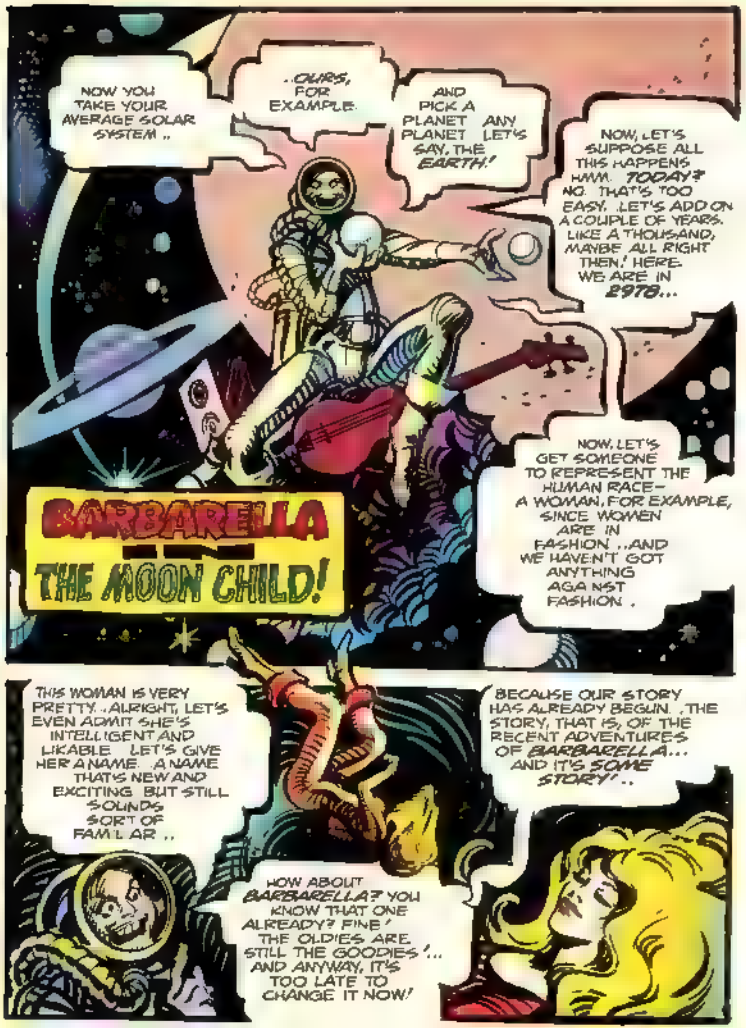
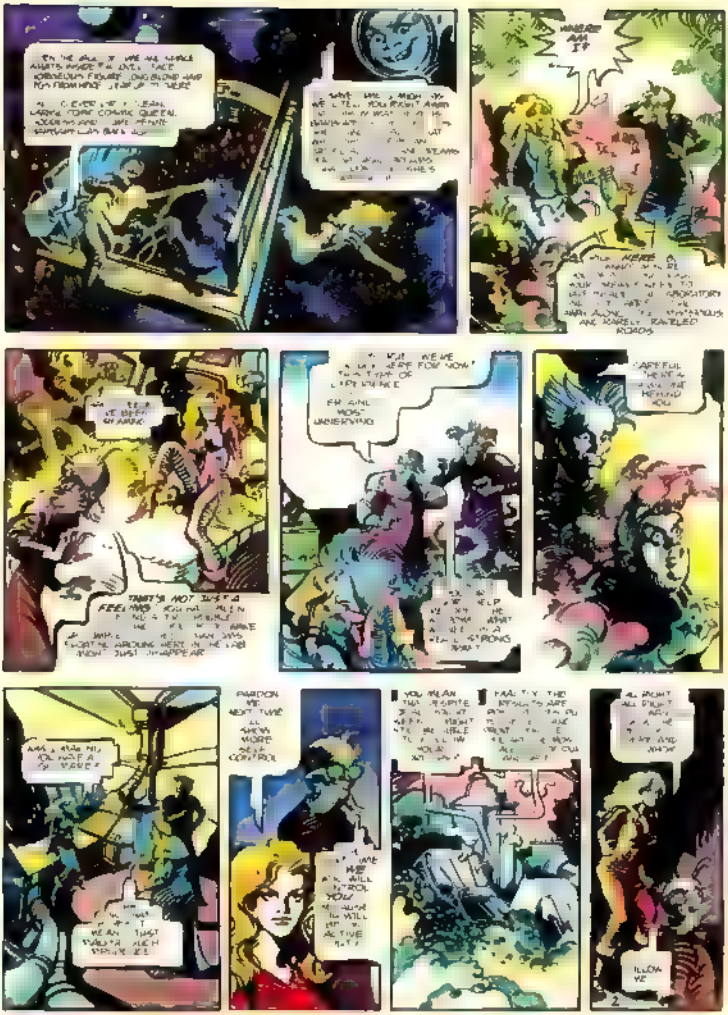
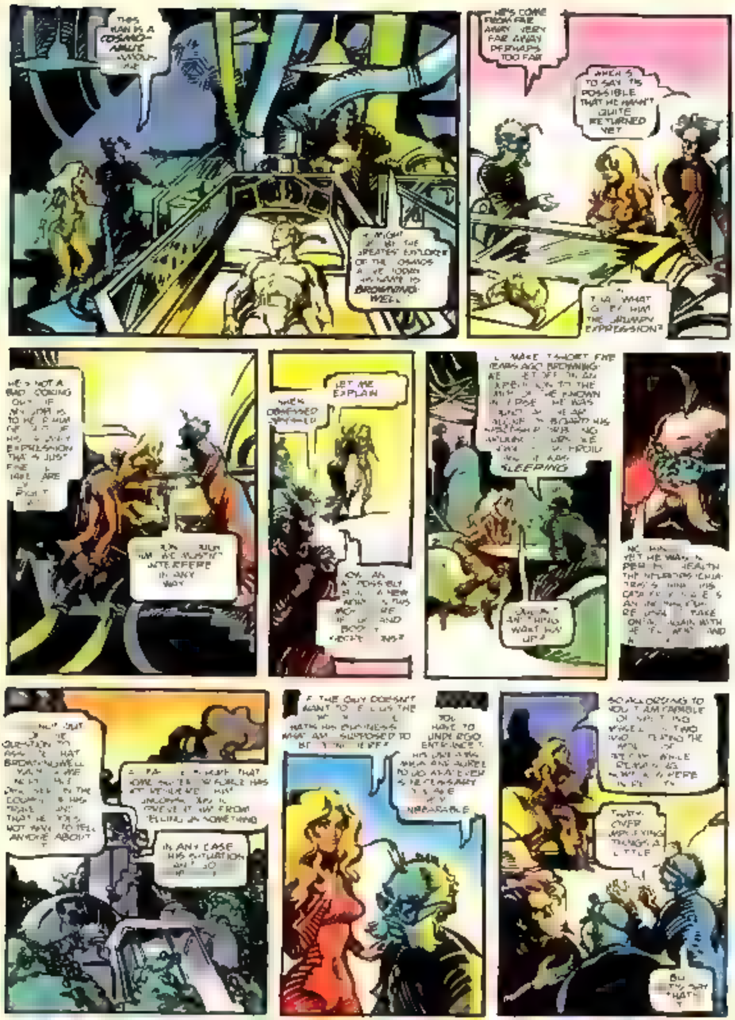
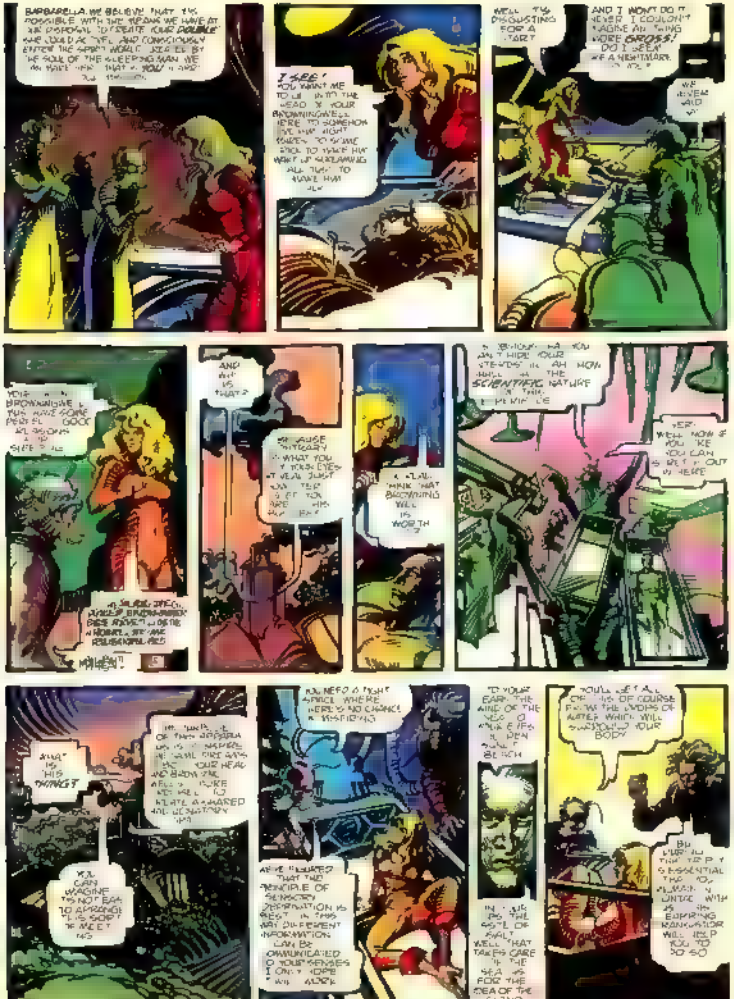

NOW YOU TAKE YOUR AVERAGE SOLAR SYSTEM ..
..OURS, FOR EXAMPLE.
AND PICK A PLANET ANY PLANET LET'S SAY, THE EARTH!
NOW, LET'S SUPPOSE ALL THIS HAPPENS HMM. TODAY? NO. THAT'S TOO EASY. LET'S ADD ON A COUPLE OF YEARS. LIKE A THOUSAND, MAYBE ALL RIGHT THEN! HERE WE ARE IN 2978...
BARBARELLA IN THE MOON CHILD!
NOW, LET'S GET SOMEONE TO REPRESENT THE HUMAN RACE— A WOMAN, FOR EXAMPLE, SINCE WOMEN ARE IN FASHION ..AND WE HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING AGAINST FASHION .
THIS WOMAN IS VERY PRETTY ..ALRIGHT, LET'S EVEN ADMIT SHE'S INTELLIGENT AND LIKABLE LET'S GIVE HER A NAME. A NAME THAT'S NEW AND EXCITING BUT STILL SOUNDS SORT OF FAMILIAR ..
HOW ABOUT BARBARELLA? YOU KNOW THAT ONE ALREADY? FINE! THE OLDIES ARE STILL THE GOODIES!... AND ANYWAY, IT'S TOO LATE TO CHANGE IT NOW!
BECAUSE OUR STORY HAS ALREADY BEGUN ..THE STORY, THAT IS, OF THE RECENT ADVENTURES OF BARBARELLA... AND IT'S SOME STORY! ..

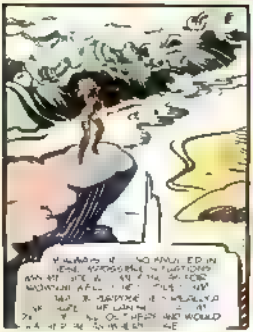


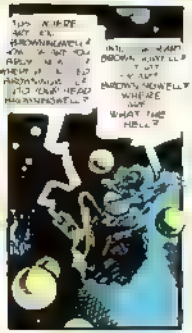

HE'S COME FROM FAR AWAY VERY FAR AWAY PERHAPS TOO FAR
TO SAY IT'S POSSIBLE THAT HE HASN'T QUITE RETURNED YET
LET ME EXPLAIN
SLEEPING
IN ANY CASE HIS SITUATION

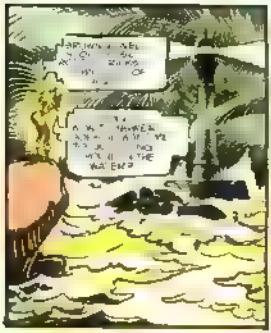

BARBARELLA, WE BELIEVE THAT IT'S POSSIBLE WITH THE BRAIN WE HAVE IN UR DIMENSION TO CREATE ONE DOUBLE AND LOAD DARK SELF, AND CONSCIOUSLY ENTER THE WORLD INSIDE. IT IS ES BY THE SOUL OF THE SLEEPING MAN. WE AN TAKE HIM THAT + YOU + AND
I SEE! YOU WANT ME TO LIE INTO THE HEAD OF YOUR BROWNING DOLL HERE TO SOMEHOW PUT HIM RIGHT AGAIN. SO YOU CAN GO BACK TO YOUR HIM WON'T UP WEAPONING ALL THE TO MAKE HIM NEW
WELL, THIS DISGUSTING FOR A START
AND I WON'T DO IT NEVER! I COULDN'T IMAGINE AN THING MORE GROSS! DO I SEEM TO BE A NEWTUMBER
WE NEVER HAD A
YOU'RE A BROWNING DOLL, YOUR MIND SOME PSYCHEDELIC SCHEME OF THINGS TO SUIT YOUR OWN SICK PURPOSES
AND WHAT IS THAT?
OF COURSE WHAT YOU WANT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER TO ME. I'M JUST TOO NICE TO SEE YOU SUFFER
I CAN'T THINK THAT BROWNING WILL BE WORTH IT
I'M SURE SHE'S ALREADY BROWNING-MINDED BEEN ASKING ABOUT ME. HOWEVER, IT'S ONE ROLLERCOASTER RIDE
MMMEN!
I SEE YOU HAVE NOT YET LEARNED TO HIDE YOUR FEELINGS IN AN HONORABLE MANNER. THE SCIENTIFIC NATURE OF THIS
YES. WELL NOW IF YOU'RE READY YOU CAN GET OUT OF HERE
HMM! THIS IS WEIRD!
I'LL CAN IMAGINE THIS NOT BEING TO ALARMING! IT IS SORT OF MEANT TO BE!
MR. HUNTER OF THE DIMENSION UP IS WARNING ME THAT SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG AND I NEED TO COME BACK TO HELP HIM. WELL, I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH HE WHEN I GET BACK
NO NEED TO PANIC ARRICE. WHERE HERE IS NO CHANCE WHATSOEVER
ARE YOU SURE? THAT THE PRINCIPLE OF SUBJECTIVE PERCEPTION IS BEST IN THIS VERY DIFFERENT INFORMATION CAN BE COMMUNICATED TO YOUR SENSES ! ONLY 10% AND MORE
TO YOUR EAR. THE MIND OF THE MAN IS OPEN AND BEAUTIFUL
IN THIS WAY DO THE SOUL OF MAN WELL THAT TAKES CARE OF THE SEA AS FOR THE IDEA OF THE ISLAND.
YOU'LL GET ALL OF THIS OF COURSE FROM THE LIPS OF ANGEL WHEN YOU'VE SWALLOWED YOUR BODY
BY LOOKING THE KEY IS ESSENTIAL THAT YOU REMAIN IN CONTACT WITH THE EMPIRING MANIPULATOR WILL HELP YOU TO DO SO

DOCTOR ZEIDMAN, YOUR JOB IS TO TUNE IN ON THE TAPES
WE NOW PROCEED TO THE SLUMBERKING STAGE
HA-HA-LOL-WHEW-HOO-FA
THE RAUCOUS IMPROPRIETY OF THE FAMILIAR OBNOXIOUS, OUR CALLIN STRONG THE ARCTIC AND ANTARCTIC
I'VE HAD YOUR NEW WOS
THE ROAD TO WHAT BE IN A DREAMS AIN'T HALF AN EASY WAY TO TAKE, MY FRIEND AN ANY STEP FAR AHEAD OF US IS OUR WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT YOU MUST ADMIT HIS JAWS GO BOTH
THAT'S IT! I KNOW IT! SHE'S ALIVE! I'M SURE OF IT! BUT DO I KNOW WHERE SHE'S AT?
BARBARELLA CAN YOU HEAR ME?
YEAH!
WHY DO YOU SAY "DEAN"? WHAT KIND OF NAME IS THAT?
WE REALLY MUST HURRY UP!
JOHN, YOU THINK MAYBE WHEN WE DIE WE'LL BE IN THEIR PLACE? I MEAN A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING AND
UNFORTUNATELY A DREAM IS A DREAM. IT HAS TO BE ARRANGED LIKE THAT. BECAUSE THESE LITTLE DEVILS STAY CALM AND TELL US EVERYTHING

WE HAVEN'T ANY TIME TO WASTE AH-YI, WE ARE FROM WHERE?
AND THIS ARE ILLUSIVE LITTLE RADIO BOMBING
4H!
BZZT!
IF THE E... WAS MOLTEN AND ... BROKEN WELL WE'D BE IN... AWAY ENDOWED
YULLUNG YEAH LOOK AT WHAT YOU SEE IN HOW AWAY WHITE RACIAS
BROHAMMS-WELLS
PREAKDOWN OF THE PERSONALITY
BROHAMMS-WELLS
WE HAVE BEEN WATCHING AND LISTENING TO YOUR WORK FOR SOME TIME
BROHAMMS, LONG DOESN'T ANSWER QUESTIONS
WE HAVE BEEN FORCEFULLY CROSSED!
A WIND BLOWING DOWN THE GANGWAY TO AFTER 2 O'CLOCK AT NIGHT





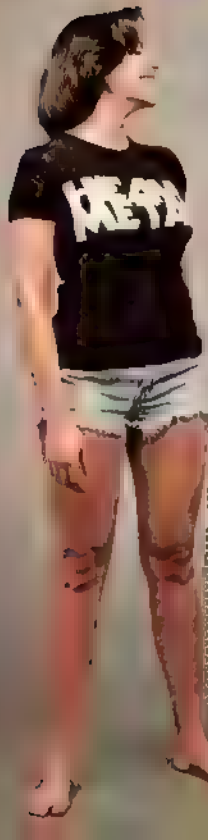


NOTHING! IT
BUT I BET HE NOT
SEEING A WE
THROUGH A
KEYHOLE
RIGHT
NOW!
SOMEONE
SAW HIS
AND
HOW DO
THIS
AND LEAVE
NO
NO, CAN YOU WIN NOW
HURRY UP AND COME IN.
I REALLY DO HATE
DRAFTS
WHERE'S THE
NOW
WHY
COWARDLY,
HORRIBLE
ONE YOU
THE IRONY OF
YOU'RE BIGGER THAN
WE ARE!

MY NAME IS BARBARELLA
HAHAH
WHAT KIND OF WORK?
MASTER PIECE!
WELL... WHEN MY THAT HOLIDAY JOB
UNDER
AND AT THE SAME TIME IT IS ELSE-WHERE!
HUMAN
ENGINEER OF THE UNIVERSE
MASTERPIECE
MASTERPIECES
BOOM

TO BE CONTINUED

# The most incredible T-shirts in this galaxy.

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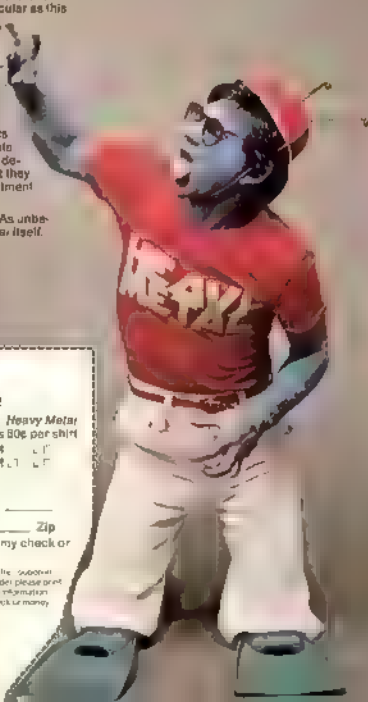


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?
UHH..,
YAH, YAH THINGS LIKOUN FERZ.UM HARWARE UHH WUD I RILLY WANZUM HEDLIDEZ THADIZ ANDI FOG LIDEZ
!
OH' WE DON HAVEM ONIZ FLOOR
BUD WEEL FIN WUD FER LIGIN FOR INA BAZEMEND.
?
FOLLO ME PLEEZ.
I...
LEDZ TAGE THELVADOR...

CHEEZ! THISID GO OUD INA PLAZDIK GARDEN!
SCREAMING, PEOPLE FLY SO FAST...
METAL HURLANT
7000 DOLLARZ!
GO FIGGER ID! FER A REDDY-MADE
!
HEAVY MEDAL!
WAD A TRIFFIK NAME!
IN THEIR SHINY METAL CARS... THROUGH THE WORLD OF STEEL AND GLASS...
1ST, 2ND, 3RD, BASE!
AWRIDE!
50

TO BE CONTINUED...

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